

Rev. J. A. Morris



TO ENGINEERS, ARCHITECTS, &c.

H. MACRAE (late SILBERRAD) begs to inform Gentlemen of the above Professions, that he continues to manufacture Drawing Instruments of every description in the very best manner, at prices much below those usually charged.

German Silver Tube Compasses, 35s.; Proportionate ditto, full divided, 32s.; Pillar Compasses, 25s.; Steel Boxes, 5s. 6d. A great variety always ready for inspection at the Wholesale and Retail Factory, 34, Aldgate-street, facing the Pump.

ESTABLISHED 1670.

THE ECCENTRIC SNUFF-TAKER.

Snuff trade be dull and times go rough,
Oh, give me then a pinch of snuff;
Give me my box a pinch to take,
Even when I'm pleas'd, for pleasure's sake.
When fortune's frowns disturb my mind,
And friends appear to grow unkind,
Relief I seek within my box;
My system is quite orthodox.
When a true friend perchance I meet,
I cheerfully his person greet.
A hearty "How do you do?" takes place,
When to my snuff-box shows its face.
My pulveriferous box supplies
A recipe for weakly eyes;
That man must be a silly goose
Who thoughtlessly condemns its use.
If my phosceus could but speak,
It would often say—the dose repeat!
Each grateful sneeze and titillation
Excites a frequent iteration.
Then here's to my glass, in which I toast
Success to that which I love most:
Reader, I pray don't think me bluff—
Mark well the hint!—'Tis GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.

To Mr. W. Grimstone, 39, Broad-street, Bloomsbury,
April 27, 1840.

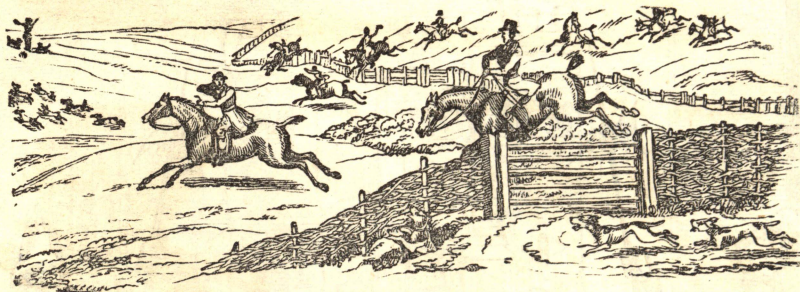
A FEW CASES OF SIGHT RESTORED BY GRIMSTONE'S SNUFF.

J. B. Lachfield, Esq., cured of ophthalmia, Whitehall and Thatched House Tavern. (Read his letter attested by G. J. Guthrie, Esq., F.R.S., &c.) G. W. M. Reynolds, Esq., No. 36, Upper Stamford-street, London, cured of excruciating pains in the head, by using this snuff. George Smith, Esq., No. 6, York place, Kentish-town; weakness and dimness of sight cured by its use—Feb. 10, 1840. Mrs. Elizabeth Robson, aged 66, 19, Bell-street, Edgware-road, cured of ophthalmia and deafness—23d March, 1840. Mrs. Ann Cole, aged 69, sight restored, headache and deafness cured, No. 7, Skinner's Almshouses, Mile-end—Jan. 9, 1840.

This celebrated Eye Snuff is manufactured from highly aromatic herbs. The above is only a part of the many thousand Cures effected by the use of this delightful restorative. It is sold in canisters, at 1s. 3d., 2s. 4d., 4s. 1d., 8s., and 15s. 6d. each. None is genuine that has not the signature of W. Grimstone, and the Queen's Arms, with the Patronage of his late Majesty, her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and authorised by the Lords of the Treasury.

"Loyal je serai durant ma vie."

THORNE'S TALLY-HO SAUCE,



FOR FISH, GAME, STEAKS, CHOPS, CUTLETS, MADE DISHES,

And all general purposes, is the richest and most economical Sauce now in use, imparting a zest not otherwise acquired. In Bottles at 2s. and 4s. each. Warranted in all climates.

"We have tried (*crede experto*) Thorne's Tally-ho Sauce, and can pronounce it exquisite. We know nothing of the ingredients; that we leave to such as are more 'curious in fish sauce' than we are; but we speak to the richness of its flavour, which, to our thinking, would create an appetite under the ribs of death."
—*Satirist*.

THORNE'S POTTED YARMOUTH BLOATERS,

Now in high perfection. The increasing demand for this most delicious preparation, proves, beyond all doubt, it is far superior to anything of the kind ever yet offered to the public for Sandwiches, Toast, Biscuits, &c., and as an excellent relish for wine. In Pots 1s. and 2s. each, warranted in all climates.

"We have tasted Thorne's Potted Bloaters for Toast, Sandwiches, &c.; it is, indeed, quite a delicacy; and none of our friends proceeding to India or the Colonies should, on any account, be without a supply: we certainly give it a decided preference over anything of the kind that ever came under our notice."
—*Alexander's East India Magazine*.

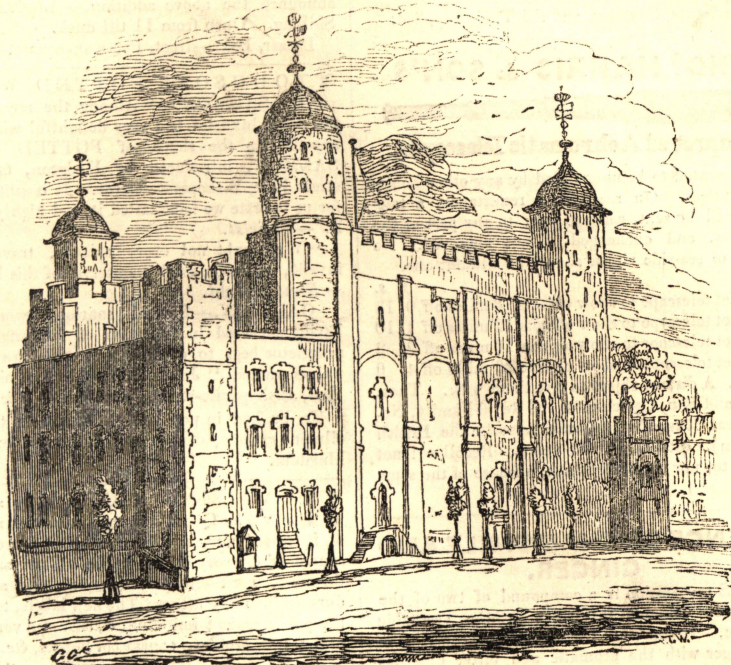
Wholesale at the Warehouse, 223, High Holborn; and at all Sauce Venders'.

CAUTION.—Beware of Counterfeits.

BRITISH WINES.

The oldest House in London for British Wines, warranted Four Years old, 18s. per dozen.

THE
TOWER OF LONDON ADVERTISER.



CORNS AND BUNIONS.

Patronised

by the

ROYAL



FAMILY

and

NOBILITY.

PAUL'S EVERY MAN'S FRIEND, is a speedy and sure cure for those painful annoyances, without cutting or pain. It is a luxury to the tenderest feet, acting on the corn with the most gentle pressure, producing a delightful relief, and entirely eradicating both Corns and Bunions.

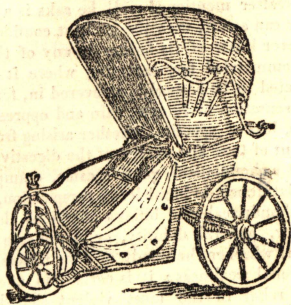
EXTRAORDINARY TESTIMONIAL.

From Dr. Cummins, Lecturer on Medical Jurisprudence, at the Aldersgate School of Medicine.

Dr. Cummins presents his compliments to Mr. Paul, and begs to inform him, that his Every Man's Friend has entirely taken away both his Corns, and he has recommended it to several of his Friends and Patients, and in no one instance has it failed eradicating both Corns and Bunions.

Prepared by John Fox, in boxes, at 1s. 1³d. or three in one for 2s. 9d., and to be had of C. King, 232, Blackfriars-road, and all wholesale and retail Medicine Venders in Town and Country. The genuine has the name of John Fox on the Stamp. A 2s. 9d. box cures the most obdurate Corns.

Ask for Paul's Every Man's Friend.



BATH CHAIRS.—IMPORTANT TO INVALIDS.
—A large assortment of Bath and Brighton Wheel Chairs for Sale or Hire, some with Patent Reclining Backs for spinal complaints, enabling an invalid to lie at full length, at G. Minter's, 33, Gerrard-street, Soho. Also Minter's Patent Self-acting Reclining Chairs, for the Sick-Chamber or the Indulgent; and Minter's Patent Improved Rising Couch or Bed, which for variety of positions, and the ease it affords, ought to be inspected by every Invalid in the Kingdom, at 33, Gerrard-street, Soho.

MICROSCOPES of very superior Manufacture, power 36,000 times, well mounted, in neat Cases, at 10*l.* 10*s.*, 7*l.* 10*s.*, 5*l.* 5*s.*, 3*l.* 3*s.*, and 1*l.* 15*s.*; hand ditto, 2*s.* to 16*s.*

A Catalogue of 2000 Philosophical and other Apparatus with 200 Drawings, price 6*d.*, at JOHN WARD'S, 79, Bishopsgate Street Within, 400 yards from the Bank.

Merchants, Captains, and the Trade supplied.

THOS HARRIS & SON'S



Improved Achromatic Telescopes.

are warranted to be unequalled by any other house, at the prices. On receiving a remittance, a telescope will be sent, carriage free, to any part of the kingdom, and exchanged if not approved. No tourist or sea-side visitor should be without one.

£ s.
A pocket telescope to show objects 8 miles off 0 18
A pocket telescope to show objects 12 miles off 1 10
A pocket telescope to show objects 16 miles off 2 2
A pocket telescope to show objects 20 miles off 4 0
N.B. A distant object to test them with. Thos. Harris and Son, Opticians to the Royal Family, No. 52, Great Russell-street only (opposite the British Museum), established 60 years. Recollect! not related to, nor connected with, a house of the same name.

ESSENCE OF CHAMOMILE AND GINGER.

THIS preparation is a compound of two of the most valuable medicines in the vegetable kingdom. It combines the stomachic properties of the Ginger with the aromatic and bitter qualities of the Chamomile Flowers. The proprietor earnestly recommends this Essence to all those suffering as hereafter mentioned; all he asks is a fair trial, for he can assert, with the greatest confidence, that he never knew of its failure in any of the cases it is recommended for, excepting where it has been neglected to be properly persevered in, for indigestion, sensation of fullness, pain and oppression after meals, loss of appetite, whether arising from excess or want of tone and energy of the digestive organs; also for rheumatism, gout, spasms, cramps, hysteries, flatulence, in immoderate perspiration, nervous, hypochondriacal, and bilious affections, heartburn, languor, general debility, or a delicate state of health, whether the result of long illness, or constitutional weakness; it is certain in affording instant relief in the most violent sick headache. Forty drops of this Essence is equal to half a pint of Chamomile Tea. Sold in bottles at 2*s.* 9*d.*; 4*s.* 6*d.*; 10*s.* 6*d.*; and 21*s.* each.

These Preparations are prepared only by DECIMUS WOODHOUSE, Operative Chemist Extraordinary to his late Majesty, at his Laboratory, 13, Little James Street, Bedford Row, of whom it may be had wholesale; also retail of Hooper, 43, King William Street, London Bridge; T. Butler, 4, Cheapside; Sanger, 150, Oxford Street; and of all Medicine Venders. N.B.—Be sure to ask for Woodhouse's.

CAUTION.—To prevent imposition, be sure to see the name of DECIMUS WOODHOUSE, 18, King William Street, London Bridge, is engraved on the Government Stamp, otherwise cannot be Genuine.

MARRIAGE GROUP.—Her Majesty in her nuptial dress of Honiton point lace, by Miss Bidney, manufacturer of the whole of the lace for her Majesty's bridal attire; and Prince Albert in his field-marshal's uniform; with the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the august ceremony. Madame TUSSAUD and SONS respectfully announce the above addition.—Admittance One Shilling. Open from 11 till dusk.

Bazaar, Baker-street, Portman-square.

HODGSON'S POTTED WELCH SALMON.—“Among the recent break-fast-table luxuries is a very delightful whet to the appetite in the shape of POTTED WELCH SALMON, introduced by Hodgson, of Union-street East, Bishopsgate-street. It is quite enough for us to state we have tasted it, and highly approve it.”—*Satirist*.

“We doubt not every epicure, traveller, or invalid, will soon avail themselves of this luxury.”—*Kent Herald*.

CAUTION.—Several spurious compositions having appeared in imitation of the original, the proprietor begs to observe that none are genuine unless signed “JOHN HODGSON, 27, Union-street East, Bishopsgate-street,” on the side labels.

To be had in pots, at 1*s.* 3*d.* and 2*s.* 6*d.* of all oilmen, grocers, druggists, and fishmongers, in the kingdom.

H. WALKER'S NEEDLES, by authority “The Queen's Own,” with the new eyes of increased size, and improved points, are now in course of delivery to the trade. They are easily threaded, work with great freedom, and are more durable than any others. The new labels, to protect the public against imitation, consist of a very beautiful set of profiles, equestrian figures, &c., of her Majesty and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, in very bold relief, on coloured grounds. The style is truly novel, extremely elegant, and very generally admired. H. Walker's Hooks and Eyes, manufactured by his improved machinery, are well worthy of notice. The boxes bear his name on an engraved label, showing the size. Sold also on cards by the principal dealers.—H. WALKER, 20, Maiden-lane, Wood-street.

ROBINSON'S PATENT GROATS, AND PATENT BARLEY, Patronised by the Queen and Royal Family, Recommended by the Faculty for making pure Gruel and Barley Water in a sixth part of the time necessary in using Embden Groats and Pearl Barley. Independent of the high testimonials given by numerous celebrated medical practitioners of the nutritious properties and purity of the above Patent Articles, they have been so well proved and estimated by the public as to render any further remark unnecessary.

In the Sick Chamber and Nursery, both the Patent Barley and Patent Groats continue to maintain their pre-eminence over the many compounds daily offered in imitation; and for general purposes are preferred to Arrow Root, Pearl, Sago, and other farinaceous articles.

CAUTION.—Be careful to ask for “Robinson's Patent,” and observe on each Packet or Canister the words, “By Royal Letters Patent,” and the Signature of “MATTS. ROBINSON.”

Manufactured by ROBINSON and BELVILLE, 64, Red Lion Street, Holborn, London.

"NEW ENGLISH INK."

Superior discovery unknown to the Monks.
MR. CARSTAIRS, the Writing Master of Lombard Street, has invented an Ink which is perfectly limpid, anti-corrosive, and does not on the application of an Alkali become a mass like currant jelly. Writes light at first, but afterwards becomes a beautiful blue black from atmospheric action, and is unequalled for the steel pen.

Sold by all stationers in bottles at 6d., 1s., 1s. 6d., and 3s. each. Also at the Manufactory, 5, Greville Street, Hatton Garden, London.

ENAMELLED PORCELAIN RADIATING STOVE GRATES,

of splendid designs, for DRAWING ROOMS, &c., recently completed, are now on show at PIERCE'S Manufactory, 5, Jermyn-street, Regent-street.

Where also may be seen a most extensive assortment of STOVE GRATES, in STEEL, OR MOLU, &c., upon PIERCE'S improved principle, adapted for the effectual cure of *Smoky Chimneys*.

Furnishing Ironmongery and Bath Warehouse, 5, JERMYN STREET, REGENT STREET.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND

LIFE & FIRE ASSURANCE, TRUST & ANNUITY INSTITUTION,

6, KING WILLIAM STREET, CITY, AND 7, ST. MARTIN'S PLACE, TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

CAPITAL, ONE MILLION.

One Tenth of the entire Profits will be applied to the Relief of Distressed and Aged Clergymen, and the Widows and Orphans of Clergymen who may be recommended by the Bishops, or by the Clergy of their respective localities.

PATRONS.

His Grace the Duke of BEAUFORT.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of GLOUCESTER and BRISTOL.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of WORCESTER.

The Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of JAMAICA.

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(With power to add to their Number.)

ADVANTAGES OF THE INSTITUTION.

A large paid-up capital, at all times available.

An Influential Proprietary.

Rates of premium as low as are consistent with security.

Premiums payable either annually, half-yearly, or quarterly, or in one sum, or in a limited number of payments.

Age admitted in the policy.

Unopposed Probates of the Diocesan Courts held sufficient to entitle claimants to recover the amount of policies.

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Policies purchased on liberal terms.

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Endowments and Annuities, Immediate and Deferred, granted on a liberal scale.

FIRE.—The Premiums for Assurance against Fire charged at the usual moderate rates; and the Residences and Furniture of Clergymen insured 10 per cent. lower.

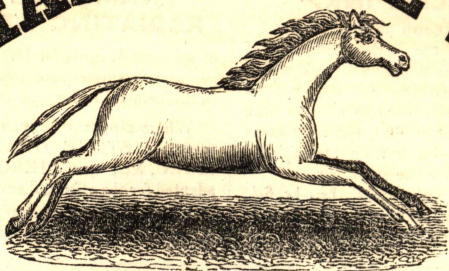
Policies transferred without expense.

The necessary forms and information may be obtained by application to

BENJAMIN JACKSON, Managing Director, 6, King William-street, City.

A liberal Commission allowed to Solicitors and Agents.

GOODMAN'S VALE SAUCE.



T. GOODMAN embraces this opportunity of returning his thanks to his foreign correspondents, whose distinguished testimonies in favour of his VALE SAUCE he cannot resist subjoining, for the information of accomplished British Gastronomers.

Dear is the vender's native town,
Though cheap this product of his skill ;
There Alfred (1) battled for his crown,
And graved his White Horse on our hill :

Our hill, of pic-nic spots the chief,
Where fair ones, couch'd on flowery moss,
Enjoy our matchless Vale-fed beef,
Married to Goodman's matchless Sauce.

The bold Uffinga's (2) bones repose
Beneath our ancient Minster's cross ;
On our rich soil the mushroom grows,
That lends a zest to Goodman's Sauce.

Great Condé's cook (3) fell on his sword,
Despairing at his fish-cart's loss ;

A proof that Condé's princely board
Lack'd such resource as Goodman's Sauce.

For when cold scraps provoke his spleen
On washing-day, the husband cross
Shall wear again a brow serene,
Sooth'd by a taste of Goodman's Sauce.

The goose, that on our Ock's green shore
Thrives to the size of Albatross,
Is twice the goose it was before,
When hash'd with neighbour Goodman's Sauce.

And ye, fat trout and eels, who feed
Where Kennet's silver waters toss,
Proud are your Berkshire hearts to bleed,
When drest with Goodman's prime Vale Sauce.

1. King Alfred defeated the Danes on the White Horse Hill, and carved the Saxon standard on it, a White Horse. N.B. He was born at Wantage.

2. Uffinga was the title of the Saxon sovereign of a district. Uffington means the Uffinga's Town. N.B. Minster means a large Church.

3. About 150 years ago, when Louis XIV. King of France was to dine with the Prince of Condé, one of the Royal Family, the Prince's cook, finding that the fish had not been sent for dinner, killed himself with the sword which was worn in those days by the Master-Cooks in great families.

THIS SAUCE IS HIGHLY RECOMMENDED BY THE NOBILITY AND GENTRY FOR
FISH, COLD MEAT, RUMP STEAKS, GAME, WILD FOWL,
ENRICHING GRAVIES, &c.

PREPARED AND SOLD, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL, BY

T. GOODMAN, UFFINGTON, NEAR FARRINCOTON, BERKS.

WARRANTED THE MOST SUPERIOR SAUCE EVER OFFERED TO THE PUBLIC.

MAY BE HAD OF ALL RESPECTABLE SAUCE-VENDERS IN THE KINGDOM.

Dans un roman que m'a conté ma tante
J'ai ouï-dire d'une certaine " Sauce Robert,"
Avec laquelle, tant elle est ragoutante,
L'homme mangerait son respectable père ;
Muis muni de la sauce appétissante
De GOODMAN, on peut manger tout entière,
Comme feu Saturne, sa famille bien-aimée,
La chaste épouse, et l'unique héritière.

ACHILLE PERIGOT,
Membre de l'Institut Gastronomique de Paris.

Se vuoi, amico mio, ben osservare
I giorni di Quaresima in contento,
Io ti consiglio di cercar comprare
Del Signor GOODMAN il bel condimento.
Non v'è un pesce che l' uom può mangiare,
Sia buono, o sia cattivo, (com' io sento,)
Che questo non sa render saporito.
Gusta, e convieni ch' io non ho mentito.

LUIGI MORTADELLA,
De Bologna la Grassa.

Fragst du, mein Freund, wass meistens mir gefällt,
Es ist zu rauchen, trinken brav, und fressen,
Und alles wohl verkündigen zum Welt
Was ich hab' immer köstlichstes gegessen.

Die Bratwurst die man isst zum Weissen Schwan,*
Ist die merkwürdigste der Deutschland's Speisen ;

* Röder und Kühner's Gasthof.

Das Schwarzwild, das uns Florenz geben kann,
Der Reisende genug mag nimmer preisen :
Der Fisch von England, ach ! das lieblich schmeckt,
Mit GOODMAN's Rossthalwürze wohl bedeckt.

JOHANN BALTHAZAR LECKERBISSEN,
Oberkuchenmeister von Frankfurt.

London Agents : DAVIES, Sauce Vender, 63, St. Martin's Lane ; BLISS, 8, Barbican ; PRISTON & SON, 97, Smithfield Bars ; COWDERY, 19, Great Surrey Street, Blackfriars ; WOOD & OWEN, 25, St. Mary Axe.

JACK SHEPPARD.

BY W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

Author of "Rookwood," "Guy Fawkes," "The Tower of London," &c.

Complete in One Volume, 8vo. bound, price 16s., with Twenty-seven Illustrations, by George Cruikshank, and Portrait of the Author, by R. L. Lane, Esq. R.A.

THE newspapers seem to have joined to run a muck at Mr. W. HARRISON AINSWORTH and his romance called *Jack Sheppard*, which was published in consecutive numbers of *Bentley's Miscellany*, a few months since. Leaving the justice of the attack for the present out of consideration, we very much question the policy of these gentlemen of the broad sheet, in thus assailing their octavo brother; for if the imaginary delineation of the dark workings of the human mind and the unattractive phases of human character—in contrast with the representation of those virtuous emotions and actions, the contemplation of which seems to elevate us and to make us rejoice in the possession of the name and nature of man—in a publication possessing comparatively a very limited circulation, and that almost confined to the educated classes—be calculated to produce an injurious effect upon the morals of the people, how much more must these very newspapers—in the columns of which, if the copious details of atrocious and disgusting crimes, which have been really committed, are at any time placed in contrast with actions of a virtuous or benevolent character, such a contrast is the result of mere accident—and which are read, or listened to, by such a number as to constitute a majority of the whole nation,—be calculated to produce the same effect?

But how is it attempted to be shown that this effect is likely to be produced? only, as far as we have seen, from the fact that a murderer, Courvoisier, stated that he obtained the idea of the *manner* in which the crime of murder should be committed from reading *Jack Sheppard*. And it is attempted to be argued that because he used the same expression in confessing his guilt, as that which the murderer in the romance used, namely, that he "drew his knife across his victim's throat,"—therefore, somehow or other, the book and the crime must have had some connexion with each other. It is worthy of observation that Courvoisier did not even hint, nor is it pretended by those who condemn the work, that its perusal suggested the *crime*, but only the *manner* of its committal; and this result might have followed, and most likely would, if he had seen a butcher "draw his knife across the throat" of a sheep; and yet we doubt whether the man who can deliberately attempt to ruin an author's reputation upon such a ground as this, would have condemned the said butcher for taking the preliminary measures necessary to the supplying of his table with a leg of mutton. It is too great an absurdity to suppose that such crimes as these have their root in no deeper soil than that which the perusal of a work of fiction would afford. The first generous impulse—the first breath of right feeling would at once overturn a forest of wicked intentions, even if they should chance to have gained a footing in such shallow mould; and if we find them flourish and strengthen so as actually to bear the deadly fruit of crime, we may be sure that they have struck deeper into some stronger and to them more genial soil—such as avarice, ambition, or revenge—with which the heart of man abounds.

We contend that works of fiction are not written nor are they read, for their moral tendency. They are intended to amuse rather than instruct. They belong to the *dulce* rather than to the *utile*. They are pictures to be contemplated, rather than examples to be followed. Their beauties and defects cannot be appreciated except by those whose minds

are in some degree cultivated; and upon minds of a different class, the impression they produce, if any, is merely that of interest in the adventures of the hero and heroine—but as to *tendency* to incite to a vicious or a virtuous action, they have none. It is, therefore, too bad to charge them with not doing that which they never professed to do. It would be as reasonable to find fault with a race-horse because he will not draw a cart.

But even on the received notions of "moral tendency" and "poetical justice," we cannot see what there is to find fault with in the romance we are now alluding to. The highwayman and thief Jack Sheppard, is punished, as in duty bound, with ruin and the gallows; and the amiable and virtuous Thames Darrell is rewarded at the proper time and place, with happiness and Winifred. What more would the gentlemen have? "But," say they, "the character of Blueskin is a bad one—vice and virtue are so mixed up in it, that he who should attempt to make an example of the one, is in danger of being led on to follow the other." Now, passing by the opinion, which we have before expressed, as to the "tendency" or "example" of such works as these, we have to say in reply to this wise objection, first, that the character is quite an inferior one, and one, the recollection of which is likely to be almost lost in the great interest which attaches to the other persons introduced; secondly, that we think it very probable that Mr. AINSWORTH, judging no doubt too charitably of human nature, imagined he had done quite enough to render Blueskin odious, by representing him as a murderer; and thirdly, that, though tastes differ and these persons who are so fond of finding fault may be allowed to indulge theirs—provided they are willing to take the consequences,—yet this character is so little to our taste, that the "example" which it offers is one which both as to its vices and its virtues is the very last that we should be inclined to follow—Blueskin being represented, and very properly so, by the author, as a soulless scoundrel, with only one redeeming qualification, if such it may be called, namely, a dog-like attachment to his master.

We have seen many vague objections to the "bad tendency" of this book, but this is the only one that we have met with, that is at all tangible; and this, it appears to us, is pilfered from a critique upon the works of another author, which appeared some time ago in the *Edinburgh Review*. Its introduction there certainly had great weight, and was liable to none of the strictures which we have made above; but its being used here reminds us very forcibly of the peacock's feathers stuck upon the jack-daw.

It is not necessary for us to pass a critical opinion upon Mr. AINSWORTH's work, or to point out its excellences which are numerous, or its defects which are few; but we must protest against a sentence which would, if its justice were admitted, condemn to perpetual banishment, not only this romance, but almost all the works of fiction and poetry in our language. That mind must be weak indeed on which they can produce any injurious effect; and we do not see that we are called on to forego the pleasures of literature because weak minds cannot appreciate them, any more than an alderman of the city of London is expected to give up the more sensual pleasures of the table because weak stomachs cannot digest them.—*Chard Union Gazette*.

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

THE APERTIVE FOUNTAIN is a small domestic apparatus which causes a little water to act on the bowels as efficiently as a dose of medicine (but in a more speedy and agreeable manner), and consequently relieves indigestion and those disorders of the stomach, head, and nervous system, which are produced by costiveness, without the ill effects that result from the use of purgatives. Having been constructed, by Dr. Scott, for general convenience, neither the most timid female nor infirm invalid require any assistance in its use. **THE SOUND MAGNIFIERS** (invented also by the above professional gentleman) for rendering conversation audible to deaf persons in an easy and natural manner (and for which he received the thanks of the Committee of the British Association) are of such various powers as to suit the deafness of any one. The **SONIFERON** enables the deafest person to hear every word; whilst the **PREMIER CORNET** (which may be worn under bonnet or hat) is the smallest contrivance hitherto found capable of assisting hearing; and deaf persons should mark well that important fact. To be obtained only of W. Piné, Superintendent of Dr. Scott's Repository, 369, Strand, three doors from Exeter Hall.

THE THAMES TUNNEL,

OPEN to the public every day (except Sundays) from Nine in the Morning until dark.—Admittance 1s. each. Entrance is on the Surrey side of the River, and near the Church at Rotherhithe. The Tunnel is eleven hundred and thirty feet in length, brilliantly lighted with Gas, and the Shield is now advanced to within thirty feet from the Wharf Wall at Wapping.

Company's Office,
Walbrook Buildings, Walbrook,
Aug. 1840.

By Order,

J. CHARLIER,
Clerk to the Company.

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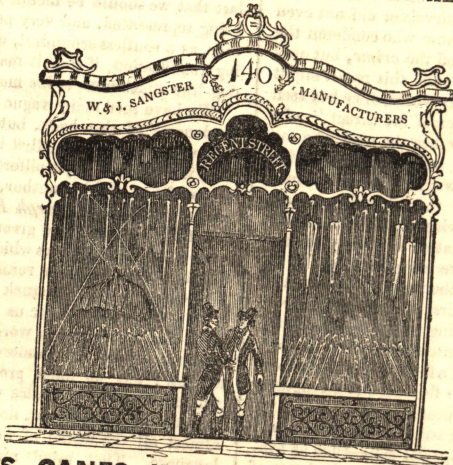
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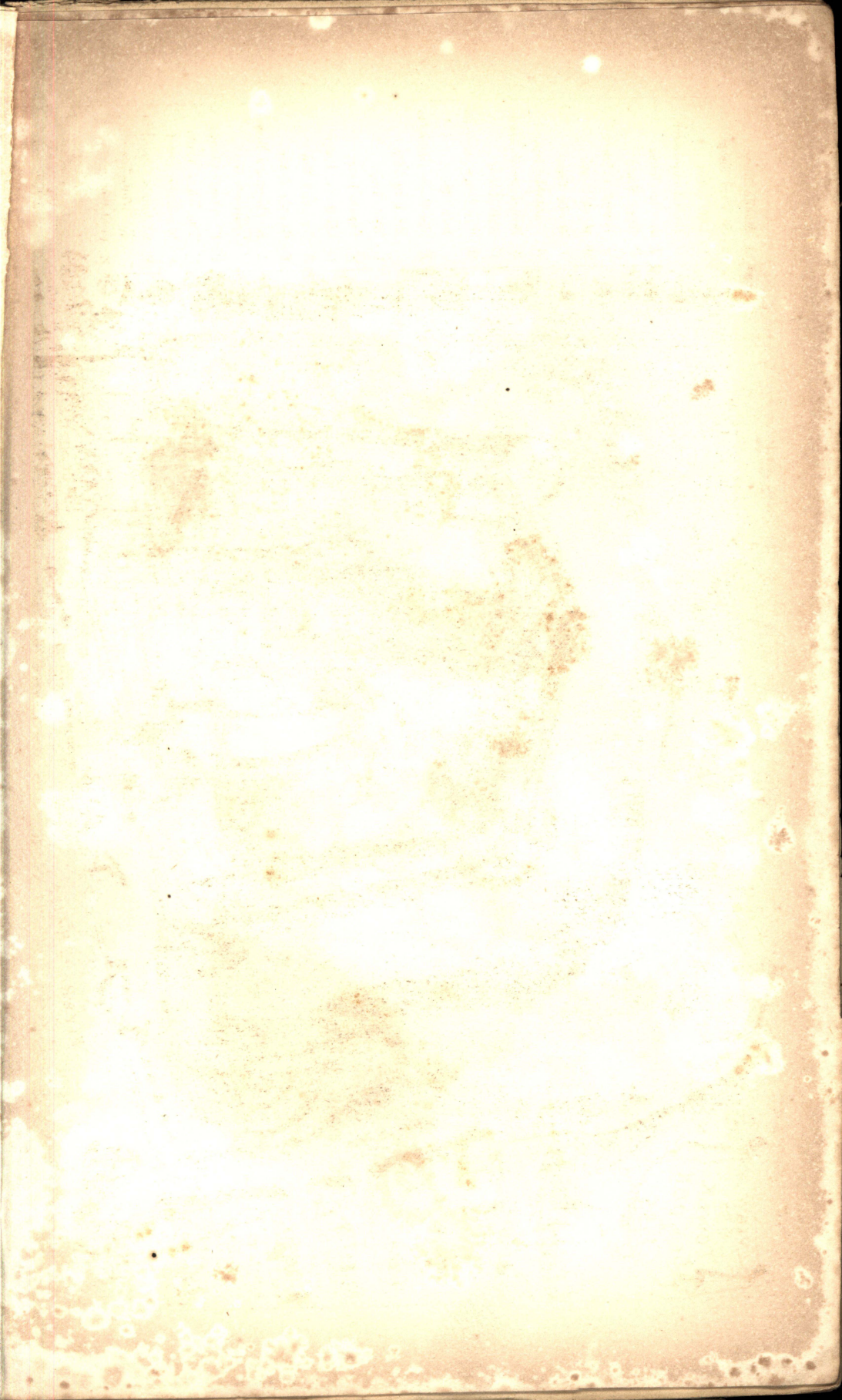
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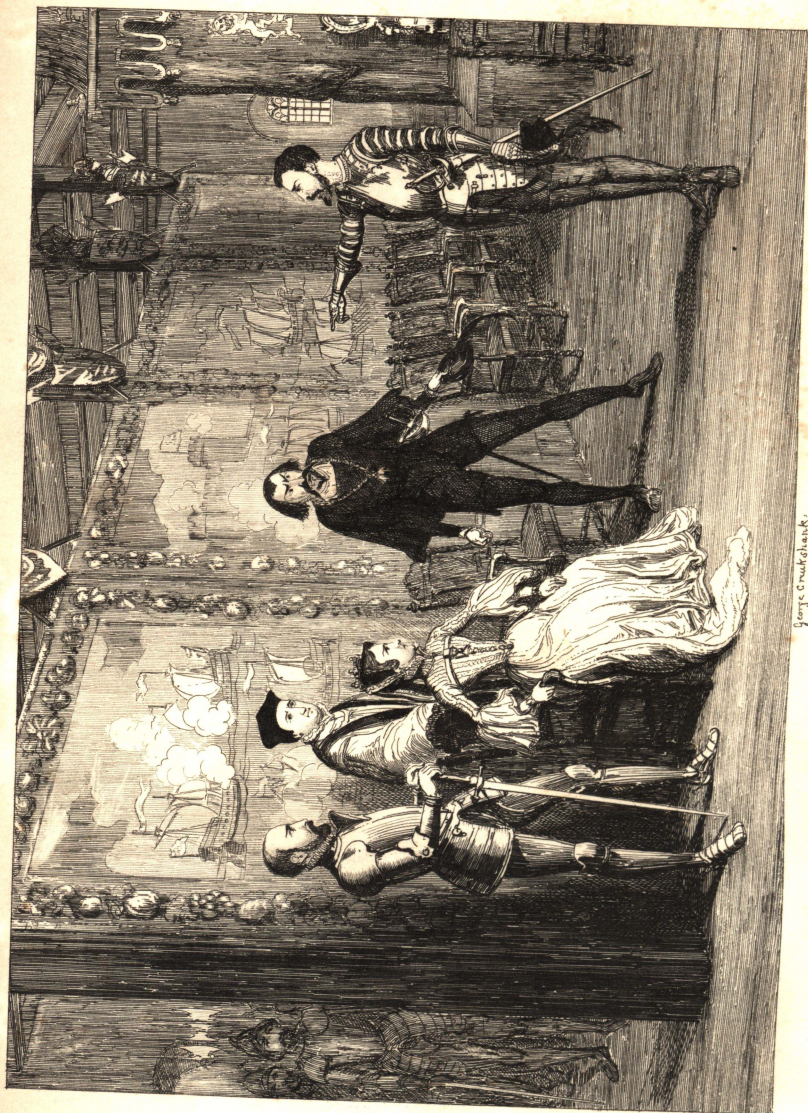
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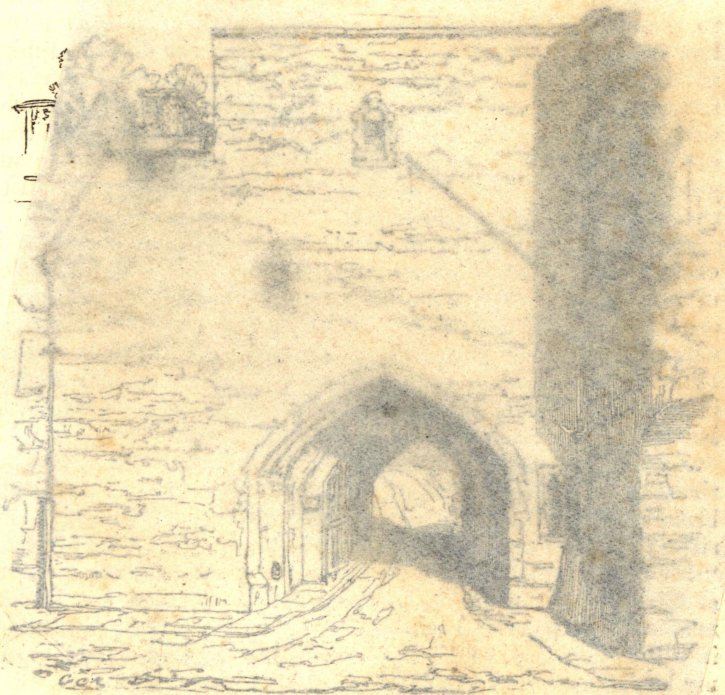
Sir Thomas Wyatt dictating terms to Queen Mary in the Council Chamber of the White Tower.

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GATEWAY OF THE BLOODY TOWER.

XXI.—HOW LORD GUILFORD DUDLEY AND LADY JANE WERE AR-
RAIGNED AND ATTAINTED OF HIGH TREASON; AND HOW THEY
WERE PARDOONED BY QUEEN MARY.

More than three months had now been passed by Jane in solitary confinement in the Bloody Tower. Long as was the interval, it appeared brief to her—her whole time being devoted to intense mental application or to prayer. She lived only in her books; and addressed herself with such ardour to her studies, that her thoughts were completely abstracted.

Sometimes, indeed, in spite of all her efforts, recollections of the past would obtrude themselves upon her—visions of earlier days and of the events and scenes connected with them would rise before her. She thought of Bradgate and its green retreats,—of her beloved preceptor, Roger Ascham,—of the delight with which she had become acquainted, through him, with the poetry, the philosophy, the drama of the ancient world. She



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recalled their long conversations, in which he had painted to her the vanities and vexations of the world, and the incomparable charms of a life of retirement and meditation, and she now felt the truth of his assertions. Had it been permitted her to pass her quiet and blameless career in that tranquil place, how happy would she have been ! And yet she did not repine at her lot, but rather rejoiced at it. "Whatever my own sufferings may be," she murmured—"however severely I may be chastened, I yet feel I shall not endure in vain, but that others will profit by my example. If heaven will vouchsafe me grace and power, not one action of my life but shall redound to the honour of the faith I profess."

One thought she ever checked, feeling that the emotions it excited, threatened to shake her constancy. This was the idea of her husband ; and whenever it arose she soothed the pang it occasioned by earnest prayer. The reflection that he was now as firm an adherent to the tenets of the gospel as herself, and that by her own resolution she had wrought this beneficial change in him, cheered and animated her, and almost reconciled her to her separation.

So fully prepared did she now feel for the worst shock of fate, that the only thing she regretted was that she was not speedily brought to trial. But she repressed even this desire as inconsistent with her duty, and unworthy of her high and holy calling. "My part is submission," she murmured, "and whether my term of life is long or short, it becomes me to feel and act in like manner. Whenever I am called upon, I am ready,—certain, if I live devoutly, to attain everlasting happiness, and rejoin my husband where he will never be taken from me."

In this way, she thoroughly reconciled herself to her situation. And though in her dreams old scenes and faces would often revisit her—though her husband's image constantly haunted her—and on waking her pillow was bedewed with her tears—still, she maintained her cheerfulness, and by never allowing one moment to pass unemployed, drove away all distressing thoughts.

Not so her husband. Immured in the Beauchamp Tower, he bore his confinement with great external fortitude ; but his bosom was a prey to vain regrets and ambitious hopes. Inheriting, as has before been observed, the soaring aspirations of his father, but without his genius or daring, his mind was continually dwelling upon the glittering bauble he had lost, and upon the means of regaining it. Far from being warned by the duke's fate,—far from considering the fearful jeopardy in which he himself stood—he was ever looking forward to the possibility of escape, and to the chance of reinstating himself in his lost position.

Sincerely attached to Jane, he desired to be restored to her rather from the feeling which had led him to seek her hand—namely, a desire to use her as a means of aggrandizement,—than

from any deep regret at the loss of her society. Not that misfortune had lessened his attachment, but that his ruling passion was ambition, which no reverse could quench, no change subdue. "He who has once nearly grasped a sceptre can never lose all thoughts of it," he exclaimed to himself. "I may perish—but while I live I shall indulge the hope of being king of England. And if I should ever obtain my liberty, I will never rest till I have won back the crown. Jane's name shall be my watchword—the Protestant cause my battle-cry; and if the victory is mine, she shall share my throne, but not, as heretofore, occupy it alone. Had I been king, this would never have happened. But my father's ambition ruined all. He aimed at the throne himself, and used me as his stepping-stone. Well, he has paid the penalty of his rashness, and I may perchance share his fate. Yet what if I do? Better die on the scaffold, than linger out a long inglorious life. Oh! that I could make one effort more! If I failed I would lay my head upon the block without a murmur."

The long delay that occurred before his trial encouraged his hopes, and a secret communication made to him by the Duke of Suffolk, who had leave to visit him, that a plot was in agitation to restore Jane to the throne, so raised his expectations, that he began to feel little apprehension for the future, confident that ere long the opportunity he sighed for would present itself.

Ever since Jane's conference with Gardiner, Dudley had resisted all overtures from the Romish priesthood to win him over to their religion, and if his own feelings had not prompted him to this course, policy would have now dictated it. Slight as was the information he was able to obtain, he yet gathered that Mary's determination to restore the Catholic religion was making her many enemies, and giving new spirits to her opponents. And when he found, from the communication of De Noailles, that a plot, having for its basis the preservation of the Reformed religion, now menaced by the proposed alliance with Spain, was being formed, he became confirmed in his opinions.

It was not deemed prudent by the conspirators to attempt any communication with Jane. They doubted much whether she could be prevailed upon to join them;—whether she might not even consider it her duty to reveal it;—and they thought there would be ample time to make it known to her when the season for outbreak arrived. Jane's partisans consisted only of her father, her uncle, and ostensibly De Noailles, who craftily held out hopes to Suffolk and his brother to secure their zealous co-operation. In reality, the wily Frenchman favoured Courtenay and Elizabeth. But he scarcely cared which side obtained the mastery, provided he thwarted his adversary, Simon Renard.

During the early part of her imprisonment, Jane's solitude was

disturbed by Feckenham, who, not content with his own discomfiture and that of his superiors, Gardiner and Bonner, returned again and again to the charge, but with no better success than before. Worst of all in every encounter, he became, at length, convinced of the futility of the attempt, and abandoned it in despair. At first, Jane regarded his visits as a species of persecution, and a waste of the few precious hours allowed her, which might be far more profitably employed than in controversy. But when they ceased altogether, she almost regretted their discontinuance, as the discussions had led her to examine her own creed more closely than she otherwise might have done; and the success she invariably met with, inspired her with new ardour and zeal.

Thus time glided on. Her spirits were always equable; her looks serene; and her health, so far from being affected by her captivity, appeared improved. One change requires to be noticed. It was remarked by her jailor that when first brought to the Brick Tower, she looked younger than her age, which was scarcely seventeen; but that ere a month had elapsed, she seemed like a matured woman. A striking alteration had, indeed, taken place in her appearance. Her countenance was grave, but so benignant, that its gravity had no displeasing effect. Her complexion was pale but clear,—so clear that the course of every azure vein could be traced through the wax-like skin. But that which imparted the almost *angelic* character to her features, was their expression of perfect purity, unalloyed by any taint of earth. What with her devotional observances, and her intellectual employments, the mind had completely asserted its dominion over the body; and her seraphic looks and beauty almost realized the Catholic notion of a saint.

She had so won upon her jailor by her extraordinary piety, and by her gentleness and resignation, that he could scarcely offer her sufficient attention. He procured her such books as she desired—her sole request; and never approached her but with the profoundest reverence. From him she learned the fate of Edward Underhill, and during the dreadful sufferings of the miserable enthusiast, when the flames that were consuming him lighted up her prison-chamber, and his last wild shriek rang in her ears, her lips were employed in pouring forth the most earnest supplications for his release.

It was a terrible moment to Jane; and the wretched sufferer at the stake scarcely endured more anguish. Like many others, she saw in his fate a prelude of the storm that was to follow; and passed the whole of the night in prayer, that the danger might be averted. She prayed also, earnestly and sincerely, that a like death might be hers, if it would prove beneficial to her faith, and prevent further persecution.

One day, shortly after this event, the jailor made his appearance at an unwonted hour, and throwing himself at her feet, in-

formed her that after a severe struggle with himself, he was determined to liberate her; and that he would not only throw open her prison-door that night, but would find means to set her free from the Tower. When he concluded, Jane, who had listened to his proposal with extreme surprise, at once, though with the utmost thankfulness, declined it. "You would break *your* trust, and I *mine*," she observed, "were I to accept your offer. But it would be useless. Whither should I fly—what should I do were I at large? No, friend, I cannot for a moment indulge the thought. If that door should be opened to me, I would proceed to the queen's presence, and beseech her highness to bring me to speedy trial. That is all the favour I deserve, or desire."

"Well, madam," replied the jailor, in accents of deep disappointment, "since I may not have my wish and set you free, I will at once resign my post."

"Nay, do not so, I beseech you, good friend," returned Jane, "that were to do me an unkindness, which I am sure you would willingly avoid, by exposing me to the harsh treatment of some one less friendly-disposed towards me than yourself, from whom I have always experienced compassion and attention."

"Foul befall me if I did not show you such, sweet lady!" cried the jailor.

"Your nature is kindly, sir," pursued Jane; "and as I must needs continue a captive, so I pray you show your regard by continuing my jailor. It gladdens me to think I have a friend so near."

"As you will, madam," rejoined the man, sorrowfully. "Yet I beseech you, pause ere you reject my offer. An opportunity of escape now presents itself, which may never occur again. If you will consent to fly, I will attend you, and act as your faithful follower."

"Think me not insensible to your devotion, good friend, if I once more decline it," returned Jane, in a tone that showed that her resolution was taken. "I cannot fly—I have ties that bind me more securely than those strong walls and grated windows. Were the queen to give me the range of the fortress—nay, of the city without it, I should consider myself equally her captive. No, worthy friend, we must remain as we are."

Seeing remonstrance was in vain, the man, ashamed of the emotion he could neither control nor conceal, silently withdrew. The subject was never renewed, and though he acted with every consideration towards his illustrious captive, he did not relax in any of his duties.

Full three months having elapsed since Jane's confinement commenced, on the first of November her jailor informed her that her trial would take place in Guildhall on the day but one following. To his inquiry whether she desired to make any preparations, she answered in the negative.

"The offence I have committed," she said, "is known to all. I shall not seek to palliate it. Justice will take its course. Will my husband be tried with me?"

"Undoubtedly, madam," replied the jailor.

"May I be permitted to confer with him beforehand?" she asked.

"I grieve to say, madam, that the queen's orders are to the contrary," returned the jailor. "You will not meet him till you are placed at the bar before your judges."

"Since it may not be, I must resign myself contentedly to her majesty's decrees. Leave me, sir. Thoughts press upon me so painfully that I would fain be alone."

"The queen's confessor is without, madam. He bade me say he would speak with you."

"He uses strange ceremony, methinks," replied Jane. "He would formerly enter my prison without saying, By your leave: but since he allows me a choice in the matter, I shall not hesitate to decline his visit. If I may not confer with my husband, there is none other whom I desire to see."

"But he is the bearer of a message from her majesty," urged the jailor.

"If he is resolved to see me, I cannot prevent it," replied Jane. "But if I have the power to hinder his coming, he shall not do so."

"I will communicate your wish to him, madam," replied the jailor, retiring.

Accordingly, he told Feckenham that his charge was in no mood to listen to him, and the confessor departed.

The third of November, the day appointed for Jane's trial, as well as for that of her husband, and of Crammer, archbishop of Canterbury, was characterized by unusual gloom, even for the season. A dense fog arose from the river and spread itself over the ramparts, the summits of which could scarcely be discerned by those beneath them. The sentinels pacing to and fro looked like phantoms, and the whole fortress was speedily enveloped in a tawny-coloured vapour. Jane had arrayed herself betimes, and sat in expectation of the summons with a book before her, but it became so dark that she was compelled to lay it aside. The tramp of armed men in front of the building in which she was lodged, and other sounds that reached her, convinced her that some of the prisoners were being led forth; but she had to wait long before her own turn came. She thought more—much more—of beholding her husband, than of the result of the trial, and her heart throbbed as any chance footstep reached her ear, from the idea that it might be his.

An hour after this, the door of her chamber was unbarred, and two officers of the guard in corslets and steel caps appeared and commanded her to follow them. Without a moment's hesitation she arose, and was about to pass through the door when the jailor

prostrated himself before her, and pressing the hand she kindly extended to him to his lips, expressed, in faltering tones, a hope that she might not be brought back to his custody. Jane shook her head, smiled faintly, and passed on.

Issuing from the structure, she found a large band of halberdiers drawn out to escort her. One stern figure arrested her attention, and recalled the mysterious terrors she had formerly experienced. This was Nightgall, who by Renard's influence had been raised to the post of gentleman-jailer. He carried the fatal axe,—its handle supported by a leathern pouch passed over his shoulders. The edge was turned from her, as was the custom on proceeding to trial. A shudder passed over her frame as her eye fell on the implement of death, connected as it was with her former alarms; but she gave no further sign of trepidation, and took the place assigned her by the officers. The train was then put in motion, and proceeded at a slow pace past the White Tower, down the descent leading to the Bloody Tower. Nightgall marched a few paces before her, and Jane, though she strove to reason herself out of her fears, could not repress a certain misgiving at his propinquity.

The gateway of the Bloody Tower, through which the advanced guard was now passing, is perhaps one of the most striking remnants of ancient architecture to be met with in the fortress. Its dark and gloomy archway, bristling with the iron teeth of the portcullis, and resembling some huge ravenous monster, with jaws wide-opened to devour its prey, well accords with its ill-omened name, derived, as before stated, from the structure above it being the supposed scene of the murder of the youthful princes.

Erected in the reign of Edward the Third, this gateway is upwards of thirty feet in length, and fifteen in width. It has a vaulted roof, supported by groined arches, and embellished with moulded tracery of great beauty. At the period of this chronicle, it was defended at either extremity by a massive oak portal, strengthened by plates of iron and broad-headed nails, and a huge portcullis. Of these defences those at the south are still left. On the eastern side, concealed by the leaf of the gate when opened, is an arched doorway, communicating with a flight of spiral stone steps leading to the chambers above, in which is a machine for working the portcullis.

By this time, Jane had reached the centre of the arch, when the gate was suddenly pushed aside, and Feckenham stepped from behind it. On his appearance, word was given by the two captains, who marched with their drawn swords in hand on either side of the prisoner, to the train to halt. The command was instantly obeyed. Nightgall paused a few feet in advance of Jane, and grasping his fatal weapon, threw a stealthy glance over his left shoulder to ascertain the cause of the interruption.

"What would you, reverend sir?" said Jane, halting with

the others, and addressing Feckenham, who advanced towards her, holding in his hand a piece of parchment to which a large seal was attached.

"I would save you, daughter," replied the confessor. "I here bring you the queen's pardon."

"Is it unconditional, reverend sir?" demanded Jane, coldly.

"The sole condition annexed to it is your reconciliation with the church of Rome," replied Feckenham.

"Then I at once reject it," rejoined Jane, firmly. "I have already told you I should prefer death a thousand-fold to any violation of my conscience; and neither persuasion nor force shall compel me to embrace a religion opposed to the gospel of our Saviour, and which, in common with all his true disciples, I hold in utter abhorrence. I take all here to witness that such are my sentiments—that I am an earnest and zealous, though unworthy member of the Protestant church—and that I am fully prepared to seal my faith with my blood."

A slight murmur of approbation arose from the guard, which, however, was instantly checked by the officers.

"And I likewise take all here to witness," rejoined Feckenham, in a loud voice, "that a full and free pardon is offered you by our gracious queen, whom you have so grievously offended, that no one except a princess of her tender and compassionate nature would have overlooked it; coupled only with a condition which it is her assured belief will conduce as much to your eternal welfare as to your temporal. It has been made a reproach to our church by its enemies, that it seeks to win converts by severity and restraint. That the charge is unfounded her highness's present merciful conduct proves. We seek to save the souls of our opponents, however endangered by heresy, alive; and our first attempts are ever gentle. If these fail, and we are compelled to have recourse to harsher measures, is it our fault, or the fault of those who resist us? Thus, in your own case, madam—here, on the way to a trial the issue of which all can foresee, the arm of mercy is stretched out to you and to your husband, on a condition which, if you were not benighted in error, you would recognize as an additional grace,—and yet you turn it aside."

"The sum of her majesty's mercy is this," replied Jane; "she would kill my soul to preserve my body. I care not for the latter, but I regard the former. Were I to embrace your faith, I should renounce all hopes of heaven. Are you answered, sir?"

"I am," replied Feckenham. "But oh! madam," he added, falling at her feet; "believe not that I urge you to compliance from any unworthy motive. My zeal for your salvation is hearty and sincere."

"I doubt it not, sir," rejoined Jane. "And I thank you for your solicitude."

"Anger not the queen by a refusal," proceeded Feckenham :—"anger not heaven, whose minister I am, by a blind and obstinate rejection of the truth, but secure the favour of both your earthly and your celestial judge by compliance."

"I should indeed anger heaven were I to listen to you further," replied Jane. "Gentlemen," she added, turning to the officers, "I pray you proceed. The tribunal to which you are about to conduct me waits for us."

Feckenham arose, and would have given utterance to the denunciation that rose to his lips, had not Jane's gentle look prevented him. Bowing his head upon his breast, he withdrew, while the procession proceeded on its course, in the same order as before.

On reaching the bulwark gate, Jane was placed in a litter, stationed there for her reception, and conveyed through vast crowds of spectators, who, however, were unable to obtain even a glimpse of her, to Guildhall, where she was immediately brought before her judges. The sight of her husband standing at the bar, guarded by two halberdiers, well nigh overpowered her; but she was immediately re-assured by his calm, collected, and even haughty demeanour. He cast a single glance of the deepest affection at her, and then fixed his gaze upon the Marquis of Winchester, high treasurer of the realm, who officiated as chief judge.

On the left of Lord Guilford Dudley, on a lower platform, stood his faithful esquire, Cuthbert Cholmondeley, charged with abetting him in his treasonable practices. A vacant place on this side of her husband was allotted to Jane. Cranmer, having already been tried and attainted, was removed. The proceedings were soon ended, for the arraigned parties confessed their indictments, and judgment was pronounced upon them. Before they were removed, Lord Guilford turned to his consort, and said in a low voice—"Be of good cheer, Jane. No ill will befall you. Our judges will speedily take our places."

Jane looked at him for a moment, as if she did not comprehend his meaning, and then replied in the same tone—"I only required to see you so resigned to your fate, my dear lord, to make me wholly indifferent to mine. May we mount the scaffold together with as much firmness!"

"We shall mount the throne together—not the scaffold, Jane," rejoined Dudley, significantly.

"Ha!" exclaimed Jane, perceiving from his speech that he meditated some new project.

Further discourse was not, however, allowed her, for at this moment she was separated from her husband by the halberdiers, who led her to the litter in which she was carried back to the Tower.

Left to herself within her prison-chamber, she revolved Dudley's mysterious words; and though she could not divine

their precise import, she felt satisfied that he cherished some hope of replacing her on the throne. So far from this conjecture affording her comfort, it deeply distressed her—and for the first time for a long period her constancy was shaken. When her jailor visited her, he found her in the deepest affliction.

"Alas! madam," he observed, in a tone of great commiseration, "I have heard the result of your trial, but the queen may yet show you compassion."

"It is not for myself I lament," returned Jane, raising her head, and drying her tears, "but for my husband."

"Her majesty's clemency may be extended towards him likewise," remarked the jailor.

"Not so," returned Jane, "we have both offended her too deeply for forgiveness, and justice requires that we should expiate our offence with our lives. But you mistake me, friend. It is not because my husband is condemned as a traitor, that I grieve; but because he still nourishes vain and aspiring thoughts. I will trust you, knowing that you are worthy of confidence. If you can find means of communicating with Lord Guilford Dudley for one moment, tell him I entreat him to abandon all hopes of escape, or of restoration to his fallen state, and earnestly implore him to think only of that everlasting kingdom which we shall soon inherit together. Will you do this?"

"Assuredly, madam, if I can accomplish it with safety," replied the jailor.

"Add also," pursued Jane, "that if Mary would resign her throne to me, I would not ascend it."

"I will not fail, madam," rejoined the jailor.

Just as he was about to depart, steps were heard on the staircase, and Sir Henry Bedingfeld, attended by a couple of halberdiers, entered the chamber. He held a scroll of parchment in his hand.

"You are the bearer of my death-warrant, I perceive, sir," said Jane, rising at his approach, but without displaying any emotion.

"On the contrary, madam," returned Sir Henry, kindly, "it rejoices me to say that I am a bearer of her majesty's pardon."

"Clogged by the condition of my becoming a Catholic, I presume?" rejoined Jane, disdainfully.

"Clogged by no condition," replied Bedingfeld, "except that of your living in retirement."

Jane could scarcely credit her senses, and she looked so bewildered that the knight repeated what he had said.

"And my husband?" demanded Jane, eagerly.

"He too is free," replied Bedingfeld; "and on the same terms as yourself. You are both at liberty to quit the Tower as soon as you think proper. Lord Guilford Dudley has already been apprised of her highness's clemency, and will join you here in a few minutes."

Jane heard no more. The sudden revulsion of feeling produced by this joyful intelligence, was too much for her; and uttering a faint cry, she sank senseless into the arms of the old knight.

XXII.—OF JANE'S RETURN TO SION HOUSE; AND OF HER ENDEAVOURS TO DISSUADE HER HUSBAND FROM JOINING THE CONSPIRACY AGAINST QUEEN MARY.

THAT night Lord Guilford Dudley and Jane, attended by Cholmondeley, who was included in the pardon, left the Tower, and repaired to Sion House. On finding herself once more restored to freedom, and an inmate of the house she loved so well, Jane was completely prostrated. Joy was more difficult to bear than affliction; and the firmness that had sustained her throughout her severest trials now altogether forsook her. But a few days brought back her calmness, and she poured forth her heartfelt thanks to that beneficent Being, who had restored her to so much felicity. Measureless content seemed hers, and as she traversed the long galleries and halls of the ancient mansion—as she wandered through its garden walks,—or by the river's side—she felt that even in her proudest moment she had never known a tithe of the happiness she now experienced.

Day after day flew rapidly by, and pursuing nearly the same course she had adopted in prison, she never allowed an hour to pass that was not profitably employed. But she observed with concern that her husband did not share her happiness. He grew moody and discontented, and became far more reserved than she had heretofore known him. Shunning her society, he secluded himself in his chamber, to which he admitted no one but Cholmondeley.

This conduct Jane attributed in some degree to the effect produced upon his spirits by the reverse of fortune he had sustained, and by his long imprisonment. But she could not help fearing, though he did not confide the secrets of his bosom to her, that he still cherished the project he had darkly hinted at. She was confirmed in this opinion by the frequent visits of her father, who like her husband, had an anxious look, and by other guests who arrived at nightfall, and departed as secretly as they came.

As soon as this conviction seized her, she determined, at the hazard of incurring his displeasure, to speak to her husband on the subject; and accordingly, one day, when he entered her room with a moodier brow than usual, she remarked, "I have observed with much uneasiness, dear Dudley, that ever since our release from imprisonment, a gradually-increasing gloom has taken possession of you. You shun my regards, and avoid my society,—nay, you do not even converse with me, unless I wring a few reluctant answers from you. To what must I attribute this change?"

"To anything but want of affection for you, dear Jane," replied Dudley, with a melancholy smile, while he fondly pressed her hand. "You had once secrets from me, it is my turn to retaliate, and be mysterious towards you."

"You will not suppose me influenced by idle curiosity if I entreat to be admitted to your confidence, my dear lord," replied Jane. "Seeing you thus oppressed with care, and knowing how much relief is afforded by sharing the burthen with another, I urge you, for your own sake, to impart the cause of your anxiety to me. If I cannot give you counsel, I can sympathy."

Dudley shook his head, and made a slight effort to change the conversation.

"I will not be turned from my purpose," persisted Jane; "I am the truest friend you have on earth, and deserve to be trusted."

"I *would* trust you, Jane, if I dared," replied Dudley.

"Dared!" she echoed. "What is there that a husband dares not confide to his wife?"

"In this instance much," answered Dudley; "nor can I tell you what occasions the gloom you have noticed, until I have your plighted word that you will not reveal aught I may say to you. And further, that you will act according to my wishes."

"Dudley," returned Jane gravely, "your demand convinces me that my suspicions are correct. What need of binding me to secrecy, and exacting my obedience, unless you are acting wrongfully, and desire me to do so likewise? Shall I tell why you fear I should divulge your secret—why you are apprehensive I should hesitate to obey your commands? You are plotting against the queen, and dread I should interfere with you."

"I have no such fears," replied Dudley, sternly.

"Then you own that I am right?" cried Jane, anxiously.

"You are so far right," replied Dudley, "that I am resolved to depose Mary, and restore you to the throne, of which she has unjustly deprived you."

"Not unjustly, Dudley, for she is the rightful queen, and I was an usurper," replied Jane. "But oh! my dear, dear lord, can you have the ingratitude—for I will use no harsher term, to requite her clemency thus?"

"I owe her no thanks," replied Dudley, fiercely. "I have solicited no grace from her, and if she has pardoned me, it was of her own free will. It is part of her present policy to affect the merciful. But she showed no mercy towards my father."

"And does not your present conduct, dear Dudley, prove how necessary it is for princes, who would preserve their government undisturbed, to shut their hearts to compassion?" returned Jane. "You will fail in this enterprise if you proceed in it. And even I, who love you most, and am most earnest for your happiness and honour, do not desire it to succeed. It is based upon injustice, and will have no support from the right-minded."

"Tush!" cried Dudley, impatiently. "I well knew you would oppose my project, and therefore I would not reveal it to you. You shall be queen in spite of yourself."

"Never again," rejoined Jane, mournfully;—"never again shall my brow be pressed by that fatal circlet. Oh! if it is for me you are about to engage in this wild and desperate scheme, learn that even if it succeeded, it will be futile. Nothing should ever induce me to mount the throne again; nor, if I am permitted to occupy it, to quit this calm retreat. Be persuaded by me, dear Dudley. Abandon your project. If you persist in it, I shall scarcely feel justified in withholding it from the queen."

"How, madam," exclaimed Dudley, sternly; "would you destroy your husband?"

"I would save him," replied Jane.

"A plague upon your zeal!" cried Dudley, fiercely. "If I thought you capable of such treachery, I would ensure your silence."

"And if I thought *you* capable, dear Dudley, of such black treason to a sovereign to whom you owe not merely loyalty and devotion, but life itself, no consideration of affection, still less intimidation, should prevent me from disclosing it, so that I might spare you the commission of so foul a crime."

"Do so, then," replied Dudley, in a taunting tone. "Seek Mary's presence. Tell her that your husband and his brothers are engaged in a plot to place you on the throne. Tell her that your two uncles, the Lords John and Thomas Grey, are conspiring with them—that your father, the Duke of Suffolk, is the promoter, the leader, of the design."

"My father!" exclaimed Jane, with a look of inexpressible anguish.

"Add that the Earl of Devon, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Throckmorton, Sir Peter Carew, and a hundred others, are leagued together to prevent the spread of popery in this country—to cast off the Spanish yoke, with which the people are threatened, and to place a Protestant monarch on the throne. Tell her this, and bring your husband—your father—your whole race—to the block. Tell her this, and you, the pretended champion of the gospel, will prove yourself its worst foe. Tell her this—enable her to crush the rising rebellion, and England is delivered to the domination of Spain—to the inquisition—to the rule of the pope—to idolatrous oppression. Now, go and tell her this."

"Dudley, Dudley," exclaimed Jane, in a troubled tone, "you put evil thoughts into my head—you tempt me sorely."

"I tempt you only to stand between your religion and the danger with which it is menaced," returned her husband. "Since the meeting of parliament, Mary's designs are no longer doubtful; and her meditated union with Philip of Spain has stricken terror into the hearts of all good Protestants. A bloody and terrible season for our church is at hand, if it be not averted. And it *can* only be averted by the removal of the bigoted queen who now fills the throne."

"There is much truth in what you say, Dudley," replied Jane, bursting into tears. "Christ's faithful flock are indeed in fearful peril; but bloodshed and rebellion will not set them right. Mary is our liege mistress, and if we rise against her we commit a grievous sin against heaven, and a crime against the state."

"Crime or not," replied Dudley, "the English nation will never endure a Spanish yoke nor submit to the supremacy of the see of Rome. Jane, I now tell you that this plot may be revealed—may be defeated; but another will be instantly hatched, for the minds of all true Englishmen are discontented, and Mary will never maintain her sovereignty while she professes this hateful faith, and holds to her resolution of wedding a foreign prince."

"If this be so, still I have no title to the throne," rejoined Jane. "The Princess Elizabeth is next in succession, and a Protestant."

"I need scarcely remind you," replied Dudley, "that the act just passed, annulling the divorce of Henry the Eighth from Catherine of Arragon, has annihilated Elizabeth's claims, by rendering her illegitimate. Besides, she has, of late, shown a disposition to embrace her sister's creed."

"It may be so given out—nay, she may encourage the notion herself," replied Jane; "but I know Elizabeth too well to believe for a moment she could abandon her faith."

"It is enough for me she has *feigned* to do so," replied Dudley, "and by this means alienated her party. On *you*, Jane, the people's hopes are fixed. Do not disappoint them."

"Cease to importune me further, my dear lord. I cannot govern myself—still less, a great nation."

"You shall occupy the throne, and entrust the reins of government to me," observed Dudley.

"There your ambitious designs peep forth, my lord," rejoined Jane. "It is for yourself, not for me you are plotting. You would be king."

"I would," returned Dudley. "There is no need to mask my wishes now."

"Sooner than this shall be," rejoined Jane, severely, "I will hasten to Whitehall, and warn Mary of her danger."

"Do so," replied Dudley, "and take your last farewell of me. You are aware of the nature of the plot—of the names and object of those concerned in it. Reveal all—make your own terms with the queen. But think not you can check it. We have gone too far to retreat. When the royal guards come hither to convey me to the Tower, they will not find their prey, but they will soon hear of me. You will precipitate measures, but you will not prevent them. Go, madam."

"Dudley," replied Jane, falling at his feet—"by your love or me—by your allegiance to your sovereign—by your duty to

your Maker—by every consideration that weighs with you—I implore you to relinquish your design.”

“I have already told you my fixed determination, madam,” he returned, repulsing her. “Act as you think proper.”

Jane arose and walked slowly towards the door. Dudley laid his hand upon his sword, half drew it, and then thrusting it back into the scabbard, muttered between his ground teeth, “No, no—let her go. She dares not betray me.”

As Jane reached the door, her strength failed her, and she caught against the hangings for support. “Dudley,” she murmured, “help me—I faint.”

In an instant, he was by her side.

“You cannot betray your husband?” he said, catching her in his arms.

“I cannot—I cannot,” she murmured, as her head fell upon his bosom.

Jane kept her husband's secret. But her own peace of mind was utterly gone. Her walks—her studies—her occupations had no longer any charms for her. Even devotion had lost its solace. She could no longer examine her breast as heretofore—no longer believe herself reproachless! She felt she was an accessory to the great crime about to be committed; and with a sad presentiment of the result, she became a prey to grief,—almost to despair.

XXIII.—HOW XIT WAS IMPRISONED IN THE CONSTABLE TOWER; AND HOW HE WAS WEDDED TO THE “SCAVENGER'S DAUGHTER.”

PERSUADING himself that his capture was matter of jest, Xit kept up his braggadocio air and gait, until he found himself within a few paces of the Constable Tower,—a fortification situated on the east of the White Tower, and resembling in its style of architecture, though somewhat smaller in size, the corresponding structure on the west, the Beauchamp Tower. As Nightgall pointed to this building, and told him with a malicious grin that it was destined to be his lodging, the dwarf's countenance fell. All his heroism forsook him; and casting a half-angry, half-fearful look at his guards, who were laughing loudly at his terrors, he darted suddenly backwards, and made towards a door in the north-east turret of the White Tower.

Nightgall and the guards, not contemplating any such attempt, were taken completely by surprise, but immediately started after him. Darting between the legs of the sentinel stationed at the entrance of the turret, who laughingly presented his partizan at him, Xit hurried up the circular staircase leading to the roof. His pursuers were quickly after him, shouting to him to stop, and threatening to punish him severely when they caught him. But the louder they shouted, the swifter the dwarf fled;

and, being endowed with extraordinary agility, arrived, in a few seconds, at the doorway leading to the roof. Here half-a-dozen soldiers, summoned by the cries, were assembled to stop the fugitive. On seeing Xit, with whose person they were well acquainted—never supposing he could be the runaway,—they inquired what was the matter.

"The prisoner! the prisoner!" shouted Xit, instantly perceiving their mistake, and pushing through them, "Where is he? What have you done with him?"

"No one has passed us," replied the soldiers. "Who is it?"

"Lawrence Nightgall," replied Xit, keeping as clear of them as he could. "He has been arrested by an order from the privy-council, and has escaped."

At this moment, Nightgall made his appearance, and was instantly seized by the soldiers. An explanation quickly ensued, but, in the meantime, Xit had flown across the roof, and reaching the opposite turret at the south-east angle, sprang upon the platform, and clambering up the side of the building at the hazard of his neck, contrived to squeeze himself through a loophole.

"We have him safe enough," cried one of the soldiers, as he witnessed Xit's manœuvre. "Here is the key of the door opening into that turret, and he cannot get below."

So saying, he unlocked the door and admitted the whole party into a small square chamber, in one corner of which was the arched entrance to a flight of stone steps. Up these they mounted, and as they gained the room above, they perceived the agile mannikin creeping through the embrasure.

"Have a care!" roared Nightgall, who beheld this proceeding with astonishment; "You will fall into the court below and be dashed to pieces."

Xit replied by a loud laugh, and disappeared. When Nightgall gained the outlet, he could see nothing of him, and after calling to him for some time and receiving no answer, the party adjourned to the leads, where they found he had gained the cupola of the turret, and having clambered up the vane, had seated himself in the crown by which it was surmounted. In this elevated, and as he fancied, secure position, he derided his pursuers, and snapping off a piece of the iron-work, threw it at Nightgall, and with so good an aim that it struck him in the face.

A council of war was now held, and it was resolved to summon the fugitive to surrender; when, if he refused to comply, means must be taken to dislodge him. Meanwhile, the object of this consultation had been discovered from below. His screams and antics had attracted the attention of a large crowd, among whom were his friends the giants. Alarmed at his arrest, they had followed to see what became of him, and were passing the foot of the turret at the very moment when he had reached its summit. Xit immediately recognized them, and hailed them at

the top of his voice. At first, they were unable to make out whence the noise proceeded; but at length, Gog chancing to look up, perceived the dwarf, and pointed him out to his companions.

Xit endeavoured to explain his situation, and to induce the giants to rescue him; but they could not hear what he said, and only laughed at his gestures and vociferations. Nightgall now called to him in a peremptory tone to come down. Xit refused, and pointing to the crown in which he was seated, screamed, "I have won it, and am determined not to resign it. I am now in the loftiest position in the Tower. Let him bring me down who can."

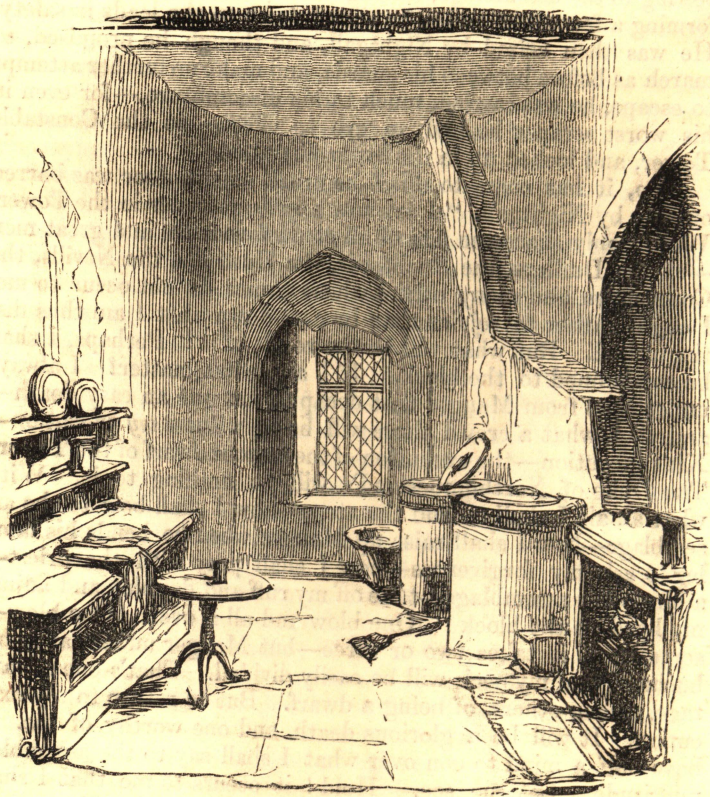
"I will be no longer trifled with," roared Nightgall. "Lend me your arquebuss, Winwike. If there is no other way of dislodging that mischievous imp, I will shoot him as I would a jackdaw."

Seeing he was in earnest, Xit thought fit to capitulate. A rope was thrown him which he fastened to the vane, and after bowing to the assemblage, waving his cap to the giants, and performing a few other antics, he slid down to the leads in safety. He was then seized by Nightgall, and though he promised, to march as before between his guards, and make no further attempt to escape, he was carried, much to his discomfiture,—for even in his worst scrapes he had an eye to effect,—to the Constable Tower, and locked up in the lower chamber.

"So, it has come to this," he cried, as the door was barred outside by Nightgall. "I am now a state prisoner in the Tower. Well, I only share the fate of all court favourites and great men—of the Dudleys, the Rochfords, the Howards, the Nevills, the Courtenays, and many others whose names do not occur to me. I ought rather to rejoice than be cast down that I am thus distinguished. But what will be the result of it? Perhaps, I shall be condemned to the block. If I am, what matter? I always understood from Mauger that decapitation was an easy death—and then what a crowd there will be to witness *my* execution—Xit's execution—the execution of the famous dwarf of the Tower! The Duke of Northumberland's will be nothing to it. With what an air I shall ascend the steps—how I shall bow to the assemblage—how I shall raise up Mauger when he bends his lame leg to ask my forgiveness—how I shall pray with the priest—address the assemblage—take off my ruff and doublet, and adjust my head on the block! One blow and all is over. One blow—sometimes, it takes two or three—but Mauger understands his business, and my neck will be easily divided. That's one advantage, among others, of being a dwarf. But to return to my execution. It will be a glorious death, and one worthy of me. I have half a mind to con over what I shall say to the assembled multitude. Let me see. Hold! it occurs to me that I shall not be seen for the railing. I must beg Mauger to allow me to stand on the block. I make no doubt he will indulge me—if not, I will not forgive him. I have witnessed several executions,

but I never yet beheld what I should call a really good death. I must try to realize my own notions. But I am getting on a little too fast. I am neither examined, nor sentenced yet. Examined! that reminds me of the rack. I hope they won't torture me. To be beheaded is one thing—to be tortured another. I could bear anything in public, where there are so many people to look at me, and applaud me—but in private it is quite another affair. The very sight of the rack would throw me into fits. And then suppose I should be sentenced to be burnt like Edward Underhill—no, I *won't* suppose that for a moment. It makes me quite hot to think of it. Fool that I was, to be seduced by the hope of rank and dignity held out to me by the French ambassador, to embark in plots which place me in such jeopardy as this! However, I will reveal nothing. I will be true to my employer."

Communing thus with himself, Xit paced to and fro within his prison, which was a tolerably spacious apartment, semi-cir-



LOWER CHAMBER IN THE CONSTABLE TOWER.

cular in form, and having deep recesses in the walls, which were of great thickness. As he glanced around, an idea occurred to

him. "Every prisoner of consequence confined within the Tower carves his name on the walls," he said. "I must carve mine, to serve as a memorial of my imprisonment."

The only implement left him was his dagger, and using it instead of a chisel, he carved, in a few hours, the following inscription in characters nearly as large as himself:—

X I T.

1553.

By the time he had finished his work, he was reminded by a clamorous monitor within him, that he had had no supper, and he recalled with agonizing distinctness the many glorious meals he had consumed with his friends the giants. He had not even the common prisoners' fare, a loaf and a cup of water, to cheer him.

"Surely they cannot intend to starve me," he thought. "I will knock at the door and try whether any one is without." But though he thumped with all his might against it, no answer was returned. Indignant at this treatment, he began to rail against the giants, as if they had been the cause of his misfortunes.

"Why do they not come to deliver me?" he cried, in a peevish voice. "The least they could do would be to bring me some provisions. But, I warrant me, they have forgotten their poor famishing dwarf, while they are satisfying their own inordinate appetites. What would I give for a slice of Hairun's wild boar now! The bare idea of it makes my mouth water. But the recollection of a feast is a poor stay for a hungry stomach. Cruel Og! barbarous Gog! inhuman Magog! where are ye now? Insensible that ye are to the situation of your friend, who would have been the first to look after you had ye been similarly circumstanced! Where are ye, I say—supping with Peter Trusbut, or Ribald, or at our lodging in the By-ward Tower? Wherever ye are, I make no doubt you have plenty to eat, whereas I, your best friend, who would have been your patron, if I had been raised to the dignity promised by De Noailles—am all but starving. It cannot be—hilloah! hilloah! help!" And he kicked against the door as if his puny efforts would burst it open. "The queen cannot be aware of my situation. She shall hear of it—but how?"

Perplexing himself how to accomplish this, he flung himself on a straw mattress in one corner, which, together with a bench and a small table constituted the sole furniture of the room, and in a short time fell asleep. He was disturbed by the loud jarring of a door, and, starting to his feet, perceived that two men had

entered the room, one of whom bore a lantern, which he held towards him. In this person Xit at once recognised Nightgall; and in the other, as he drew nearer, Wolfytt the sworn tormentor. The grim looks of the latter so terrified Xit, that he fell back on the mattress in an ecstasy of apprehension. His fright seemed to afford great amusement to the cause of it, for he burst into a coarse loud laugh that made the roof ring again. His merriment rather restored the dwarf, who ventured to inquire, in a piteous accent, whether they had brought him any supper.

"Ay, ay!" rejoined Wolfytt, with a grin. "Follow us, and you shall have a meal that shall serve you for some days to come."

"Readily," replied Xit. "I am excessively hungry, and began to think I was quite forgotten."

"We have been employed in making all ready for you," rejoined Wolfytt. "We were taken a little by surprise. It is not often we have such a prisoner as you."

"I should think not," returned Xit, whose vanity was tickled by the remark. "I was determined to let posterity know that *one* dwarf had been confined within the Tower. Bring your lantern this way, Master Nightgall, and you will perceive I have already carved my name on the wall."

"So I see," growled Nightgall, holding the light to the inscription. "Bring him along, Wolfytt."

"He will not need, sir," returned Xit, with dignity. "I am ready to attend you."

"Good!" exclaimed Wolfytt. "Supper awaits us, ho! ho!"

They then passed through the door, Xit strutting between the pair. Descending a short flight of stone steps, they came to another strong door, which Nightgall opened. It admitted them to a dark narrow passage, which, so far as it could be discerned, was of considerable extent. After pursuing a direct course for some time, they came to an opening on the left, into which they struck. This latter passage was so narrow that they were obliged to walk singly. The roof was crusted with nitrous drops, and the floor was slippery with moisture.

"We are going into the worst part of the Tower," observed Xit, who began to feel his terrors revive. "I have been here once before. I recollect it leads to the Torture-Chamber, the Little-Ease, and the Pit. I hope you are not taking me to one of those horrible places?"

"Poh! poh!" rejoined Wolfytt, gruffly. "You are going to Master Nightgall's bower."

"His bower!" exclaimed Xit, surprised by the term—"what! where he keeps Cicely?"

At the mention of this name, Nightgall, who had hitherto maintained a profound silence, uttered an exclamation of anger, and regarded the dwarf with a withering look.

"I can keep a secret if need be," continued Xit, in a deprecatory tone, alarmed at his own indiscretion. "Neither Cuth-

bert Cholmondeley, nor Dame Potentia, nor any one else, shall hear of her from me, if you desire it, good Master Nightgall."

"Peace!" thundered the jailor.

"You will get an extra turn of the rack for your folly, you crack-brained jackanapes," laughed Wolfytt.

Luckily the remark did not reach Xit's ears. He was too much frightened by Nightgall's savage look to attend to anything else.

They had now reached a third door, which Nightgall unlocked and fastened as soon as the others had passed through it. The passage they entered was even darker and damper than the one they had quitted. It contained a number of cells, some of which, as was evident from the groans that issued from them, were tenanted.

"Is Alexia here?" inquired Xit, whose blood froze in his veins as he listened to the dreadful sounds.

"Alexia!" vociferated Nightgall, in a terrible voice. "What do you know of her?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," replied Xit. "But I have heard Cuthbert Cholmondeley speak of her."

"She is dead," replied Nightgall, in a sombre voice; "and I will bury you in the same grave with her, if her name ever passes your lips again."

"It shall not, worthy sir," returned Xit,— "it shall not. Curse on my unlucky tongue, which is for ever betraying me into danger!"

They had now arrived at an arched doorway in the wall, which being opened by Nightgall, discovered a flight of steps leading to some chamber beneath. Nightgall descended, but Xit refused to follow him.

"I know where you are taking me," he cried. "This is the way to the torture-chamber."

Wolfytt burst into a loud laugh, and pushed him forward.

"I won't go," screamed Xit, struggling with all his force against the tormentor. "You have no authority to treat me thus. Help! kind Og! good Gog! dear Magog!—help! or I shall be lamed for life. I shall never more be able to amuse you with my gambols, or the tricks that so much divert you. Help! help! I say."

"Your cries are in vain," cried Wolfytt, kicking him down the steps; "no one can save you now."

Precipitated violently downwards, Xit came in contact with Nightgall, whom he upset, and they both rolled into the chamber beneath, where the latter arose, and would have resented the affront upon his comrade, or, at all events, upon the dwarf, if he had not been in the presence of one of whom he stood in the greatest awe. This was Simon Renard, who was writing at a table. Disturbed by the noise, the ambassador glanced round, and on perceiving the cause immediately resumed his occupation. Near him stood the thin erect figure of Sorrocold,—his attenuated

limbs appearing yet more meagre from the tight-fitting black hose in which they were enveloped. The surgeon wore a short cloak of sad-coloured cloth, and a doublet of the same material. His head was covered by a flat black cap, and a pointed beard terminated his hatchet-shaped, cadaverous face. His hands rested on a long staff, and his dull heavy eyes were fixed upon the ground.

At a short distance from Sorrocold, stood Mauger, bare-headed, and stripped to his leathern doublet, his arms folded upon his bosom, and his gaze bent upon Renard, whose commands he awaited. Nightgall's accident called a smile to his grim countenance, but it instantly faded away, and gave place to his habitual sinister expression.

Such were the formidable personages in whose presence Xit found himself. Nor was the chamber less calculated to strike terror into his breast than its inmates. It was not the torture-room visited by Cholmondeley, when he explored the subterranean passages of the fortress, but another and larger chamber contiguous to the former, yet separated from it by a wall of such thickness that no sound could penetrate through it. It was square-shaped, with a deep round-arched recess on the right of the entrance, at the further end of which was a small cell, surmounted with a pointed arch. On the side where Renard sat, the wall was decorated with thumb-screws, gauntlets, bracelets, collars, pincers, saws, chains and other nameless implements of torture. To the ceiling was affixed a stout pulley with a rope, terminated by an iron hook, and two leathern shoulder-straps. Opposite the door-way stood a brasier, filled with blazing coals, in which a huge pair of pincers were thrust; and beyond it was the wooden frame of the rack, already described, with its ropes and levers in readiness. Reared against the side of the deep dark recess, previously mentioned, was a ponderous wheel, as broad in the felly as that of a waggon, and twice the circumference. This antiquated instrument of torture was placed there to strike terror into the breasts of those who beheld it—but it was rarely used. Next to it was a heavy bar of iron employed to break the limbs of the sufferers tied to its spokes.

Perceiving in whose presence he stood, and what preparations were made for him, Xit gave himself up for lost, and would have screamed aloud, had not his utterance failed him. His knees smote one another; his hair, if possible, grew more erect than ever; a thick damp burst upon his brow; and his tongue, ordinarily so restless, clove to the roof of his mouth.

"Bring forward the prisoner," cried Renard, with a stern voice, but without turning his head.

Upon this, Nightgall seized Xit by the hand, and dragged him towards the table. A quarter of an hour elapsed, during which Renard continued writing as if no one were present; and Xit, who at first was half dead with fright, began to recover his spirits.

"Your excellency sent for me," he ventured, at length.

"Ha!" ejaculated Renard, pausing and looking at him, "I had forgotten thee."

"A proof that my case is not very dangerous," thought Xit. "I must let this proud Spaniard see I am not so unimportant as he seems to imagine. Your excellency I presume, desires to interrogate me on some point," he continued aloud. "I pray you proceed without further delay."

"Is it your excellency's pleasure that we place him on the rack?" interposed Nightgall.

"Or shall we begin with the thumb-screws," observed Mauger, pointing to a pair upon the table; "I dare say they will extort all he knows. It would be a pity to stretch him out."

"I would not be an inch taller for the world," rejoined Xit, raising himself on his tiptoes.

"I have a suit of irons that will exactly fit him," observed Wolfytt, going to the wall, and taking down an engine that looked like an exaggerated pair of sugar-tongs. "These were made as a model, and have never been used before, except on a monkey belonging to Hairun the bearward. We will wed you to the 'Scavenger's Daughter,' my little man."

Xit knew too well the meaning of the term to take any part in the merriment that followed this sally.

"The embraces of the spouse you offer me are generally fatal," he observed. "I would rather decline the union, if his excellency will permit me."

"What is your pleasure?" asked Nightgall, appealing to Renard.

"Place him in the irons," returned the latter. "If these fail, we can have recourse to sharper means."

Xit would have flung himself at the ambassador's feet, to ask for mercy, but he was prevented by Wolfytt, who slipping a gag into his mouth, carried him into the dark recess, and, by the help of Mauger, forced him into the engine. Diminished to half his size; and bent into the form of a hoop, the dwarf was then set on the ground, and the gag taken out of his mouth.

"How do you like your bride?" demanded Wolfytt, with a brutal laugh.

"So little," answered Xit, "that I care not how soon I am divorced from her. After all," he added, "uncomfortable as I am, I would not change places with Magog."

This remark was received with half-suppressed laughter by the group around him, and Wolfytt was so softened that he whispered in his ear, that if he was obliged to put him on the rack, he would use him as tenderly as he could. "Let me advise you as a friend," added the tormentor, "to conceal nothing."

"Rely upon it," replied Xit, in the same tone. "I'll tell all I know—and more."

"That's the safest plan," rejoined Wolfytt, drily.

By this time, Renard having finished his despatch, and delivered it to Nightgall, he ordered Xit to be brought before him. Lifting him by the nape of his neck, as he would have carried a lap-dog, Wolfytt placed him on the edge of the rack, opposite the ambassador's seat. He then walked back to Mauger, who was leaning against the wall near the door, and laid his hand on his shoulder, while Nightgall seated himself on the steps. All three looked on with curiosity, anticipating much diversion. Sorrocold, who had never altered his posture, only testified his consciousness of what was going forward by raising his lacklustre eyes from the ground, and fixing them on the dwarf.

Wheeling round on the stool, and throwing one leg indolently over the other, Renard regarded the mannikin with apparent sternness, but secret entertainment. The expression of Xit's countenance, as he underwent this scrutiny, was so ludicrous, that it brought a smile to every face except that of the surgeon.

After gazing at the dwarf for a few minutes in silence, Renard thus commenced—"You conveyed messages to the Earl of Devonshire when he was confined in the Bell Tower?"

"Several," replied Xit.

"And from whom?" demanded Renard.

"Your excellency desires me speak the truth, I conclude?" rejoined Xit.

"If you attempt to prevaricate, I will have you questioned by that engine," returned Renard, pointing to the rack. "I again ask you by whom you were employed to convey these messages?"

"Your excellency and your attendants will keep the secret if I tell you?" replied Xit. "I was sworn not to reveal my employer's name."

"No further trifling, knave," cried Renard, "or I shall deliver you to the tormentors. Who was it?"

"The Queen," replied Xit.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Renard, in surprise.

"Nothing is impossible to a woman in love," replied Xit; "and her highness, though a queen, is still a woman."

"Beware how you trifle with me, sirrah," rejoined Renard.

"It was M. De Noailles who employed you."

"He employed me on the part of her majesty, I assure your excellency," returned Xit.

"He deceived you if he told you so," replied Renard. "But now, repeat to me the sum of your conversations with the earl."

"Our conversations all related to his escape," replied Xit.

"Hum!" exclaimed Renard. "Now mark me, and answer me truly as you value a whole skin. Was nothing said of the princess Elizabeth, and of a plot to place her on the throne, and wed her to Courtenay?"

"Nothing that I remember," answered Xit.

"Think again!" cried Renard.

"I *do* recollect that upon one occasion his lordship alluded to the princess," answered Xit, after a moment's pretended reflection.

"Well, what did he say?" demanded Renard.

"That he was sorry he had ever made love to her," replied Xit.

"And well he might be," observed Renard. "But was that all?"

"Every syllable," replied Xit.

"I must assist your memory, then," said Renard. "What ho! tormentors."

"Hold!" cried the dwarf; "I will hide nothing from you."

"Proceed, then," rejoined Renard, "or I give the order."

"Well, then," returned Xit, "since I must needs confess the whole truth, the reason why the Earl of Devonshire was sorry he had made love to the princess was this. Her majesty sent him a letter through me, promising to forgive him, and restore him to her affections."

"You have been either strangely imposed upon, or you are seeking to impose upon me, knave," cried Renard. "But I suspect the latter."

"I carried the billet myself, and saw it opened," returned Xit, "and the earl was so transported with its contents, that he promised to knight me on the day of his espousals."

"A safe promise, if he ever made it," rejoined Renard; "but the whole story is a fabrication. If her majesty desired to release the earl, why did she not issue her orders to that effect to Sir Henry Bedingfeld?"

"Because—but before I proceed, I must beg your excellency to desire your attendants to withdraw. You will perceive my motives, and approve them, when I offer you my explanation."

Renard waved his hand, and the others withdrew, Wolfytt observing to Mauger, "I should like to hear what further lies the little varlet will invent. He hath a ready wit."

"Now, speak out—we are alone," commanded Renard.

"The reason why her majesty did not choose to liberate the Earl of Devonshire was the fear of offending your excellency," replied Xit.

"How?" exclaimed Renard, bending his brows.

"In a moment of pique she had affianced herself to Prince Philip of Spain," continued Xit. "But in her calmer moments she repented her precipitancy, and feeling a return of affection for the earl, she employed M. De Noailles to make up the matter with him. But the whole affair was to be kept a profound secret from you."

"Can this be true?" cried Renard. "But no—no—it is absurd. You are abusing my patience."

"If your excellency will condescend to make further inquiries you will find I have spoken the truth," rejoined the dwarf.

"But I pray you not to implicate me with the queen. Her majesty, like many of her sex, has changed her mind, that is all. And she may change it again for aught I know."

"It is a strange and improbable story," muttered Renard; "yet I am puzzled what to think of it."

"It was no paltry hope of gain that induced me to act in the matter," pursued Xit; "but, as I have before intimated, a promise of being knighted."

"If I find, on inquiry, you have spoken the truth," rejoined Renard, "and you will serve me faithfully on any secret service on which I may employ you, I will answer for it you shall attain the dignity you aspire to."

"I will do whatever your excellency desires," returned Xit, eagerly. "I shall be knighted by somebody, after all."

"But if you have deceived me," continued Renard, sternly, "every bone in your body shall be broken upon that wheel. Your examination is at an end." With this, he clapped his hands together, and at the signal the attendants returned.

"Am I to remain in these irons longer?" inquired Xit.

"No," replied Renard. "Release him, and take him hence. I shall interrogate him at the same hour to-morrow night."

"I pray your excellency to desire these officials to treat me with the respect due to a person of my anticipated dignity," cried Xit, as he was unceremoniously seized and thrown on his back by Wolfytt; "and above all, command them to furnish me with provisions. I have tasted nothing to-night."

Renard signified a wish that the latter request should be complied with, and the dwarf's irons being by this time removed, he was led back, by the road he came, to his chamber in the Constable Tower, where some provisions and a flask of wine were placed before him, and he was left alone.

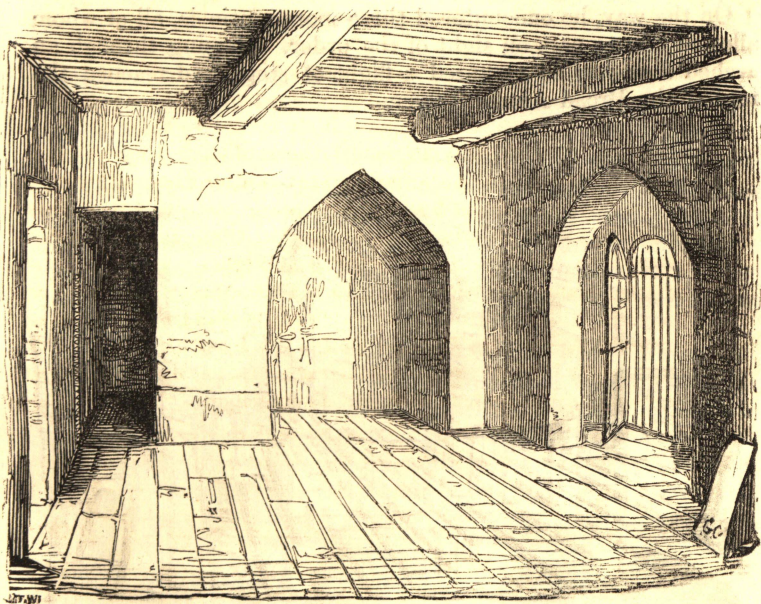
XXIV.—HOW XIT ESCAPED FROM THE CONSTABLE TOWER; AND HOW HE FOUND CICELY.

WHILE satisfying his appetite, Xit could not help reflecting upon the probable consequences of the ridiculous statement he had made to Renard, and the idea of the anger of the ambassador when he discovered the deception practised upon him, occasioned him much internal trepidation. It did not, however, prevent him from doing full justice to the viands before him, nor from draining to the last drop the contents of the flask. Inspired by the potent liquid, he laughed at his former fears, sprang upon the bench, and committed a hundred other antics and extravagancies. But as the fumes of the wine evaporated, his valour declined; until, like Acres's, it fairly "oozed out at his fingers' ends."

He then began to consider whether it might not be possible to

escape. With this view, he examined the embrasures, but they were grated, and defied his efforts to pass through. He next tried the door, and to his great surprise found it unfastened; having, most probably, been left open intentionally by Wolfytt. As may be supposed, Xit did not hesitate to avail himself of the chance thus unexpectedly offered him. Issuing forth, he hurried up a small spiral stone staircase, which brought him to the entrance of the upper chamber. The door was ajar, and peeping cautiously through it, he perceived Nightgall and Wolfytt, both asleep; the former reclining with his face on the table, which was covered with fragments of meat and bread, goblets, and a large pot of wine; and the latter, extended at full length, on the floor. It was evident, from their heavy breathing and disordered attire, they had been drinking deeply.

Stepping cautiously into the chamber, which in size and form



UPPER CHAMBER IN THE CONSTABLE TOWER.

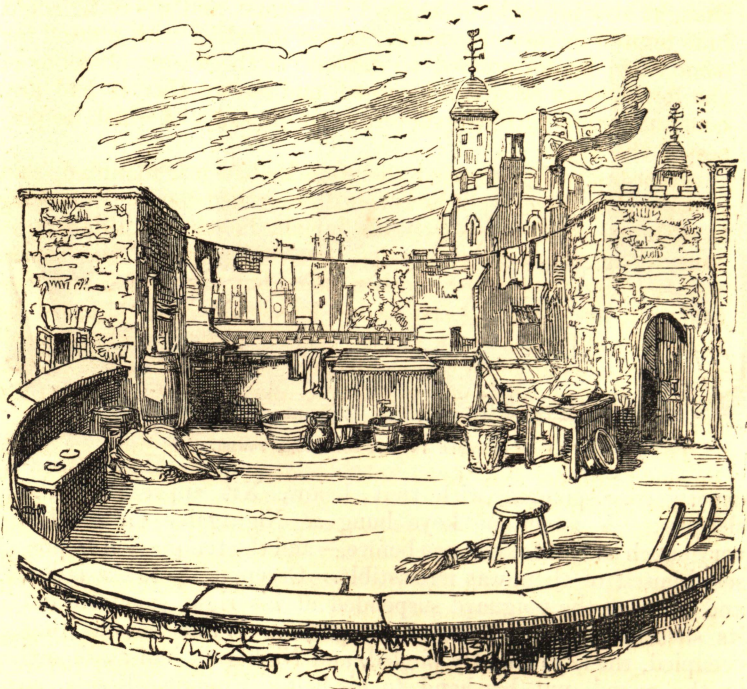
exactly corresponded with that below, Xit approached the sleepers. A bunch of keys hung at Nightgall's girdle—the very bunch he had taken once before,—and the temptation to possess himself of them was irresistible. Creeping up to the jailor, and drawing the poignard suspended at his right side from out its sheath, he began to sever his girdle. While he was thus occupied, the keys slightly jingled, and Nightgall, half-awakened by the sound, put his hand to his belt. Finding all safe, as he imagined, he disposed himself to slumber again, while Xit

who had darted under the table at the first alarm, as soon as he thought it prudent, recommenced his task, and the keys were once more in his possession.

As he divided the girdle, a piece of paper fell from it; and glancing at it, he perceived it was an order from the council to let the bearer pass at any hour whithersoever he would, through the fortress. Thrusting it into his jerkin, and carrying the keys as carefully as he could to prevent their clanking, he quitted the room, and mounted another short staircase, which brought him to the roof.

It was just getting light as Xit gained the battlements, and he was immediately challenged by the sentinel. On producing the order, however, he was allowed to pass, and crossing the roof towards the south, he descended another short spiral staircase, and emerged from an open door on the ballium wall, along which he proceeded.

On the way, he encountered three more sentinels, all of whom allowed him to pass on sight of the order. Passing through an arched door-way he mounted a flight of steps, and reached the roof of the Broad Arrow Tower.



ROOF OF THE BROAD ARROW TOWER.

Here he paused to consider what course he should pursue. The point upon which he stood commanded a magnificent view on every side of the ramparts and towers of the fortress. Immediately before him was the Wardrobe Tower—now removed, but then connected by an irregular pile of buildings with the Broad Arrow Tower,—while beyond it frowned the grey walls of the White Tower.

On the left was the large court where the masque had been given by the Earl of Devonshire, at which he had played so distinguished a part, surrounded on the west and the south by the walls of the palace. On the right, the view comprehended the chain of fortifications as far as the Flint Tower, with the range of store-houses and other buildings in front of them. At the back ran the outer line of ramparts, leading northward to the large circular bastion, still existing, and known as the Brass Mount; and southward to the structure denominated the Tower leading to the Iron Gate, and now termed the Devil's Battery. Further on, was to be seen London Bridge with its pile of houses, and the tower of Saint Saviour's Church formed a prominent object in the picture.

But Xit's attention was not attracted to the view. He only thought how he could make good his escape, and where he could hide himself in case of pursuit. After debating with himself for some time, he determined to descend to the lowest chamber of the fortification on which he stood, and see whether it had any communication with the subterranean passages of which he possessed the keys.

Accordingly, he retraced the steps he had just mounted, and continued to descend till he reached an arched door. Unlocking it with one of the keys from his bunch, he entered a dark passage, along which he proceeded at a swift pace. His course was speedily checked by another door, but succeeding in unfastening it, he ran on as fast as his legs could carry him, till he tumbled headlong down a steep flight of steps. Picking himself up he proceeded more cautiously, and arrived, after some time, without further obstacle, at a lofty, and as he judged from the sound, vaulted chamber.

To his great dismay, though he searched carefully round it, he could find no exit from this chamber, and he was about to retrace his course, when he discovered a short ladder laid against the side of the wall. It immediately occurred to him that this might be used as a communication with some secret door, and rearing it against the wall, he mounted, and feeling about, to his great joy encountered a bolt.

Drawing it aside, a stone door slowly revolved on its hinges, and disclosed a small cell in which a female was seated before a table with a lamp burning upon it. She raised her head at the sound, and revealed the features of Cicely.

Xit uttered an exclamation of astonishment, and rushing towards her, expressed his joy at seeing her. Cicely was equally delighted at the sight of the dwarf, and explained to him that she had been thus long forcibly detained a prisoner by Nightgall.

"Your captivity is at an end," said Xit, as her relation was concluded. "I am come to deliver you, and restore you to your lover. I am afraid he won't think your beauty improved—but I am sure he won't like you the worse for that. Come along. Lean on me. I will support you."

They were just emerging from the cell, when hasty footsteps were heard approaching, and a man entered the vaulted chamber, bearing a torch. It was Nightgall. His looks were wild and furious, and on seeing the dwarf and his companion, he uttered an exclamation of rage, and hurried towards them. Cicely ran screaming to the cell, while Xit, brandishing Nightgall's own poniard, threatened to stab him if he dared to mount the ladder.

XXV.—OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE IMPERIAL AMBASSADORS ; AND OF THE SIGNING OF THE MARRIAGE-TREATY BETWEEN MARY AND PHILIP OF SPAIN.

On the 2nd of January, 1554, a solemn embassy from the emperor Charles the Fifth, consisting of four of his most distinguished nobles, the Count D'Egmont, the Count Lalaing, the Seigneur De Courrieres, and the Sieur De Nigry, chancellor of the order of the Toison D'Or, arrived in London to sign the marriage-treaty between Philip and Mary which had been previously agreed upon by the courts of England and Spain.

Gardiner, who as long as he found it possible to do so, had strenuously opposed the match, and had recommended Mary to unite herself to Courtenay, or at least to some English nobleman, finding her resolutely bent upon it, consented to negotiate the terms of marriage with Renard, and took especial care that they were favourable to his royal mistress.

They were as follows:—The queen was to have for her jointure thirty thousand ducats a year, with all the Low Countries of Flanders,—her issue was to be heir as well to the kingdom of Spain as to the Low Countries,—her government was to continue in all things as before,—and no stranger was to be member of the council, nor have custody of any forts or castles, nor bear any rule or office in the queen's household, or elsewhere in all England.

To these terms Renard, on behalf of his sovereign, readily assented, and the subject was brought before the Parliament where it met with violent opposition from all parties. In spite of

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this, Mary asserted her privilege to wed whom she pleased, and after a long and stormy discussion the measure, chiefly through the management of Arundel, Paget and Rochester, was carried.

During the agitation of the question, Mary deemed it prudent to feign indisposition to avoid receiving an address intended to be presented to her from the Commons imploring her to marry one of her own countrymen. But when at length she could no longer decline giving them an audience, she dismissed them with these words:—

“I hold my crown from God, and I beseech him to enlighten me as to the conduct I ought to pursue in a matter so important as my marriage. I have not yet determined to wed, but since you say in your address that it is for the welfare of the state that I should choose a husband, I will think of it—nothing doubting I shall make a choice as advantageous as any you may propose to me, having as strong an interest in the matter as yourselves.”

While this was going forward, De Noailles and his party had not been idle. Many schemes were devised, but some were abandoned from the irresolution and vacillation of Courtenay; others were discovered and thwarted by Renard. Still, the chief conspirators, though suspected, escaped detection, or rather their designs could not be brought home to them, and they continued to form their plans as the danger grew more imminent with greater zeal than ever.

At one time, it was determined to murder Arundel, Paget, Rochester, and the chief supporters of the Spanish match, to seize the person of the queen and compel her to marry Courtenay, or depose her and place Elizabeth on the throne. This plan not suiting the views of Lord Guilford Dudley and Suffolk, was opposed by them; and owing to the conflicting interests of the different parties that unity of purpose indispensable to success could not be obtained.

Elizabeth, as has before been intimated, had dissembled her religious opinions, and though she formed some excuse for not being present at the performance of mass, she requested to have an instructor in the tenets of the Catholic faith, and even went so far as to write to the emperor to send a cross, a chalice, and other ornaments for the celebration of the religious rites of Rome, to decorate her chapel.

As to Courtenay, he appeared to have become sensible of the perilous position in which he stood, and was only prevented from withdrawing from the struggle by his unabated passion for Elizabeth. Lord Guilford Dudley still cherished his ambitious views, and Jane still mourned in secret.

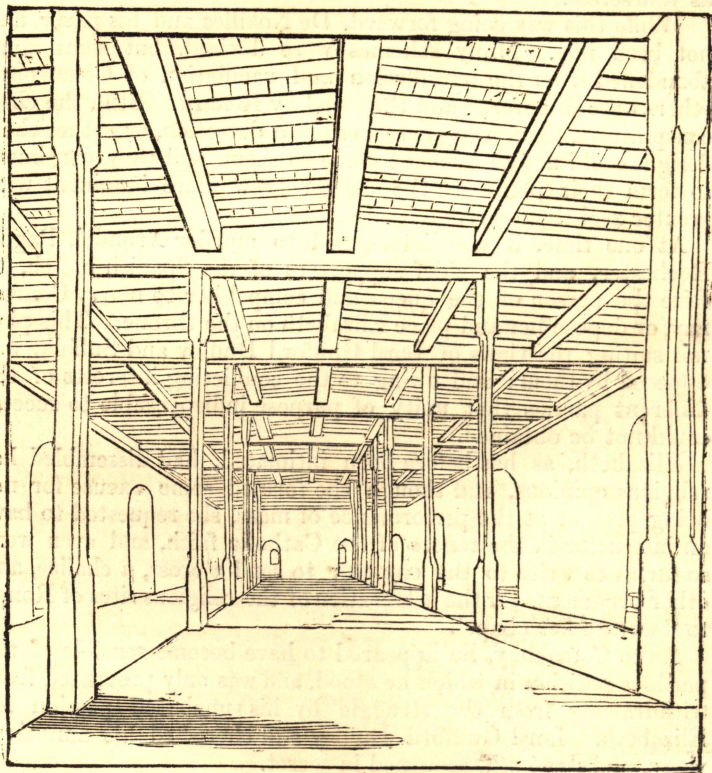
Matters were in this state at the commencement of the new year, when as above related, the ambassadors arrived from the court of Spain. Shortly after their arrival, they had an audience

of the queen in the council-chamber of the White Tower ; and when they had declared in due form that the Prince of Spain demanded her in marriage, she replied with great dignity, but some little prudery :—

“ It does not become one of my sex to speak of her marriage, nor to treat of it herself. I have therefore charged my council to confer with you on the matter, and, by the strictest conditions, to assure all rights and advantages to my kingdom, which I shall ever regard as my first husband.”

As she pronounced the last words she glanced at the ring placed on her finger by Gardiner on the day of her coronation.

On the following day, the four ambassadors held a conference with Gardiner, Arundel, and Paget. The terms were entirely settled ; and on the 12th of January, the treaty was signed, and delivered on both sides.



COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE WHITE TOWER.

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HALL and CO., sole Patentees of the PANNUS CORIUM, or LEATHER CLOTH BOOTS and SHOES for Ladies and Gentlemen. These articles have borne the test and received the approbation of all who have worn them. Such as are troubled with corns, bunions, gout, chilblains, or tenderness of feet from any other cause, will find them the softest and most comfortable ever invented; they never draw the feet or get hard, qualities which strongly recommend them to Merchants and Shippers for warm climates, where they are found easier and more durable than any other kind of shoes; they resemble the finest leather, and are cleaned with common blacking. The material sold by the yard in any quantity.

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N.B.—The Shoes or Goloshes can be fitted by sending a shoe, and the waterproof Dresses by the height of the figure.

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SUDDEN DEATH is almost invariably produced by Apoplexy; The signs of its approach are Giddiness, Pains in the Head (sometimes constant, at others intermittent), Drowsiness, Frightful Dreams, Ringing in the Ears, and Dimness of Sight.

Bloodletting has hitherto been the principal remedy relied on for the cure and prevention of this Disease; the daily accounts of Sudden Deaths in the Public Journals, and the Bills of Mortality, prove its inefficiency.

Experience has shown that the only remedy to be relied on for the complete removal of Apoplexy, and the distressing symptoms attendant on it, is "DR. PERRENGTON'S ANTI-APOPLECTIC AND HEAD PILL." This valuable discovery purifies the Blood and equalises the circulation. It carries off the noxious humours from the System, strikes at the root of the Disease, and by perseverance restores to perfect health. Sold at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d.

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sharpens the Appetite, Exhilarates the Spirits and braces the Nerves. As an Aperient it acts with gentleness and Cordiality, and without leaving the bowels subsequently confined. Sold at 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., and 11s. at the Central Depot, 44, GERRARD STREET. 6, Bruton Street, Bond Street; corner of Southampton Street, Holborn; Sanger's, 150, Oxford Street; Johnson's, Cornhill; Wilkinson's, 248, Strand; Weatherly, 5, Bridge Street, Westminster; Swire, Edgeware Road; Huntsman, Camden Town; King, Blackfriars Road, and all Medicine Vendors.

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It is not surprising that the efficacy of this invaluable medicine has been underrated by many medical practitioners, but it is shrewdly remarked by an eminent Physician, this want of confidence may be ascribed to two causes—first, to the spurious sorts made use of (particularly since the demand for the article has so prodigiously increased as to raise the best kinds to an excessive price); and secondly, to the destructive mode of preparing it, whereby its virtues are partially, if not wholly destroyed.

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(the article so highly spoken of by Dr. HANCOCK in the Transactions of the Medico-Botanical Society,) is the result of many years' laborious research and experiment, and rests its claim to preference on the only real test, that of "utility." A limited course of this preparation will convince the most sceptical of its wonderful power in invigorating the Constitution, and imparting to it that healthful tone which is indicated by a good appetite, plumpness of the flesh, and freshness of the complexion.

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